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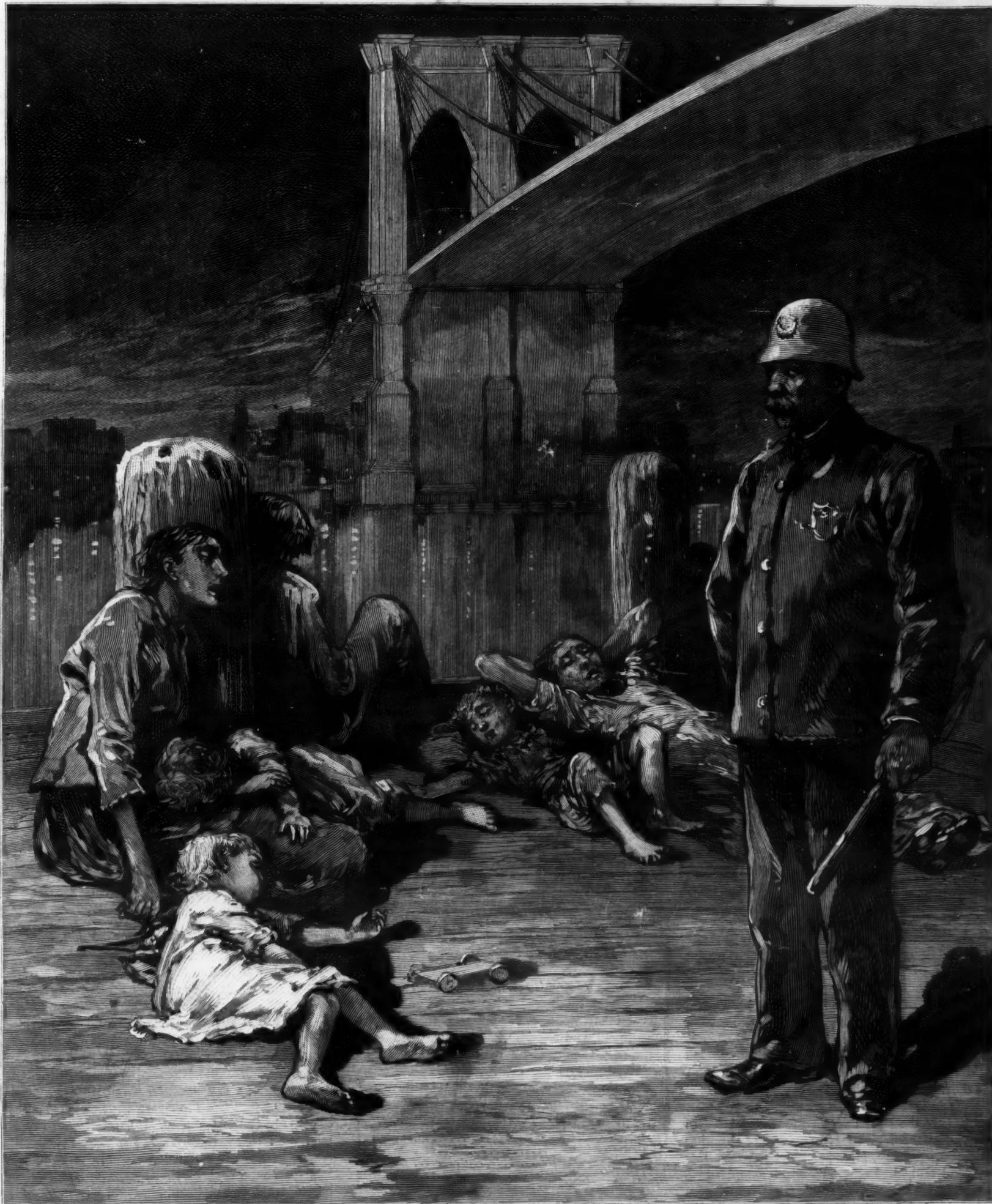


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THE POOR OF NEW YORK CITY.—A HOT NIGHT ON THE EAST-RIVER FRONT: AN OFFICER ON WATCH.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

W. J. ARKELL.

RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

NEW YORK, JULY 13, 1889.

It is said of the State of Indiana that it has more politics to the square inch than any other State in the Union. Hon. Louis T. Michener, Attorney-general of the State, writes an interesting article for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, which will appear next week, on the topic, "Legislative Usurpation in Indiana," which will attract much attention, and for which Mr. Michener no doubt will hold himself fully responsible.

SHOULD OCEAN POSTAGE BE REDUCED?

WHEN, in October, 1883, at a banquet given to Hon. William R. Grace and myself in London, I advocated cheaper ocean postage, some of the officials connected with the Post-office Department at Washington were pleased to look upon me as a visionary. They intimated that I had ceased to be a practical man of affairs, and had wandered off into the world of fancy.

But every proposed reform has met with ridicule at the outset. Cicero made merry over the change in the Roman calendar, although through neglect in regulating the same the lunar year was sixty-five days in advance of the sun—the winter was really the autumn, the spring the winter, and the summer solstice fell at the beginning of September. So in England, when Lord Chesterfield proposed to make the year begin on the 1st of January instead of the 25th of March, as had been the custom previous to 1751, the timid Duke of Newcastle told him that he hated "new-fangled things"; that he had better not meddle with things so long established. When Elias Howe finally succeeded in making a sewing-machine capable of sewing a few stitches, he engaged a tailor to come to his place and arrange some cloth for sewing, and give his opinion of the quality of the work done by the machine. The comrades of the tailor dissuaded him from going, alleging that a sewing-machine, if it worked well, must necessarily reduce the fraternity of tailors to beggary, and the tailors stuck to this conviction for the next ten years. The first machine would, probably, like the early mills of England, have been destroyed by violence but for another fixed opinion of the tailors, which was that no machine could be made that would really answer the purpose. It will surprise some to learn that when coal was first introduced into London as a fuel very serious objection was made to its use. So determined was the Government to suppress what was regarded as an intolerable nuisance, that a law was passed making the burning of coal a capital offense, and it is recorded that one man at least was executed under that law.

And how was postal reform received? Macaulay tells us that during the reign of Charles II. an enterprising citizen of London, William Dockwray, set up, at great expense, a penny-post, which delivered letters and parcels six times a day in the busy and crowded streets near the Exchange, and four times a day in the outskirts of the capital. This improvement was, as usual, strenuously resisted. The porters complained that their interests were attacked, and tore down the placards in which the scheme was announced to the public. The excitement caused by Godfrey's death and by the discovery of Coleman's papers was then at its height. A cry was therefore raised that the penny-post was a popish contrivance. The great Dr. Oates, it was affirmed, had hinted a suspicion that the Jesuits were at the bottom of the scheme, and that the bags, if examined, would be found full of treason. The utility of the enterprise was, however, so great and obvious that all opposition proved fruitless.

And when Sir Rowland Hill proposed his system of penny postage in England, about fifty years ago, the Government adopted his views reluctantly. The clear-headed and witty Rev. Sydney Smith was opposed to the new scheme, and temperate statesmen such as the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel saw "great danger and little good" in the project. A committee of the House of Commons, appointed to examine into "the mode recommended of charging and collecting postage, in a pamphlet published by Mr. Rowland Hill," had accumulated 12,000 questions and answers, as a result of their examination of a great number of mercantile and other authorities, before they reported that the project was feasible, and deserving of a trial under legislative sanction.

As Herbert Spencer has said, all improvements in any established institution have come from the outside, and never from the inside, and in spite of those who are within the institution, and who, above all persons in the world, it would seem, ought to perceive the need and value of any changes that might be suggested.

Cheaper ocean postage is directly in the line of the world's progress. Naturally such a reform would begin between Great Britain and the United States, the principal English-speaking nationalities. The number of letters passing between these two countries is growing every year. When I held the position of Postmaster of New York, in 1873, it was considered a heavy day for the English outgoing mail if it reached 20,000 letters. According to custom, a count of mail matter exchanged with foreign countries was made during seven days of October, 1886, and seven days of April, 1887. Here are the latest reports of the kind before me. They show: Number of prepaid letters sent, 38,540,712; number of prepaid letters received, 32,957,492; number of postal-cards received, 1,647,318; prepaid postage on letters sent, \$1,638,813.57; prepared postage on printed matter, \$503,642.96.

During my recent visit abroad, Mr. Rich, the Postmaster at Liverpool, whom I regard as one of the ablest post-office officials in the world, told me that he, as a clerk in the British post-office, when a boy, put the foreign mail on board the steamship *Great Western*, about the year 1840, and it amounted at that time to a couple of sacks; in the present day it amounts to five or six truck-loads.

The total weight, in grams, of the mails dispatched to foreign countries during the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1888, was 291,888,022, or 643,616 pounds, representing letters and postal-cards, and 1,370,971,363, or 3,022,992 pounds, representing other articles. The percentage of mail matter dispatched to different countries is thus represented, the calculation being based on an actual count of the articles contained in the mails, made during two weeks of the year: Great Britain, 51.22; Germany, 20.27; France, 7.60; Italy, 4.41; Norway, 1.44; Switzerland, 2.28; Cuba, 8.67; United States of Colombia, 5.51; Chili, 3.86; Mexico, 2.99.

My proposition is, that the rate of ocean postage shall be reduced to two cents an ounce, and that newspapers and periodicals shall be carried from the office of publication for one cent per pound. The present system of postage is very anomalous. You can send a letter weighing not more than half an ounce to London for five cents; for three cents more it can be carried from England to Hong Kong. The same high rates apply, relatively, to Germany and other continental nations.

There should be a reduction in the rate on international money-orders. At present it is eight cents on a \$10 order and forty-five cents on a \$100 order; these rates should be reduced one-half. Dr. C. F. MacDonald, Superintendent of the Money-order System, in his last report, just issued, recommends the increase of the maximum amount of a single international money-order from \$50 to \$100. Such a change would produce uniformity, in respect to the maximum amount, between the domestic and international money-orders, and would, besides, tend to reduce the expenses of the international money-order systems, inasmuch as for sums from \$50 to \$100 a single order would be required in lieu of two, as at present. Since the postmasters and clerks who issue the orders, and the exchange-offices which certify them, are compensated for their labor, not upon the basis of the amounts of the orders, but upon that of the number of transactions at a fixed rate per transaction, the lessening of expense in the item of clerk-hire in post-offices would be by no means inconsiderable. There is a steady increase in this branch of the Government's business. During the last year the increase in the total volume of the international money-order business, including orders issued, paid, and repaid, was \$2,416,519.42, or 18.46 per cent.; the number of transactions increased 159,450, or 18.98 per cent.

The gross revenue for the last fiscal year from several international systems was as follows:

Canadian business	\$14,636.32
British "	36,934.61
German "	41,048.89
Italian "	25,286.02
Swiss "	12,228.12
French "	5,492.02

The same spirit of reform that has been shown in the improvement of our domestic money-order system must be applied to our international postal

arrangements, if we are to keep up with what statesmen call the progress of the age. It was only twenty-five years ago that the Postmaster-general was authorized to establish a uniform money-order system at such post-offices as he deemed suitable therefor. Money-orders were first issued for not less than \$1 or more than \$30. The fee for an order for not more than \$10 was ten cents; exceeding \$10 and not exceeding \$20, fifteen cents; upon an order exceeding \$20, twenty cents. Two years later the charge for an order not exceeding \$20 was reduced to ten cents; an order exceeding \$20 up to \$50 could be had for twenty cents. In 1872 the rate for a \$10 order was reduced to five cents. In 1883 it was provided that money-orders could be issued for \$100, and in the same year postmasters at money-order offices were authorized to issue postal-notes for small sums under \$5, the fee therefor to be three cents, and the note to be payable to bearer.

While we have been, in many directions, making progress in the domestic service, we are still paying five cents postage on a letter weighing half an ounce from New York to London, a distance of 3,000 miles, and two cents on a letter weighing an ounce from New York to Alaska, a distance of 5,000 miles. While there is talk of reducing the rate of postage on domestic letters to one cent, of using the pneumatic tube or some similar underground system of transportation in our larger cities, and of introducing the free-delivery system in our smaller towns and villages, let us not forget the need of cheaper ocean postage.

In England the demand for this proposed reform has already taken shape, the leaders in the movement being Mr. J. Henniker Heaton, M.P., who is expected to visit this country shortly and endeavor to interest some of our leading statesmen and officials in the subject; Louis J. Jennings, M.P., formerly editor of the *New York Times*, and David A. Thomas, M.P. from Merthyr-Tydvil.

Writing a few days ago to a friend in New York, Mr. Heaton says: "I am pleased to be able to state that we are making great headway with the scheme of an ocean penny-post in the United Kingdom, the only opponents of which are the old fogies and permanent officials. Every argument brought forward against the adoption of universal penny ocean postage has been fully and conclusively demolished. The press in England and Ireland has given me constant and able support; I am most anxious that the same patriotic spirit shall actuate the great press of America in dealing with this question. Free communication between England and America will yield a mighty harvest of trade and good feeling."

The wisdom of Herbert Spencer's saying, already quoted, that reform in a public institution must come from the outside, is shown in the extract from Mr. Heaton's letter. This gentleman for the past few years has been endeavoring to realize the dream of Sir Rowland Hill for a universal penny-postage scheme. Like the reformer of 1840, he meets with the same kind of opposition to any change in the established order of things—to wit, from "old fogies and permanent officials." The *London Echo* says, in commenting upon this opposition: "As usual he was met and resisted by the official mind. But the official mind, though generally dull, unimpressive, and obstinate, is not invincible. You have only to keep pegging away with a good idea on the official mind, and if you have patience and endurance enough you can subdue it to your will at last."

Most of the countries of Europe send their mails to the United States by the fastest steamer offered, without regard to where the vessel hails from. Great Britain, however, dispatches its regular mails by the Cunard and White Star English lines, sailing from Queenstown. The time required for the conveyance of mails from London to Queenstown is eighteen hours and thirty-five minutes; and from London to Southampton, two hours and forty-five minutes. The vessels of the North German Lloyd's steamship line sail from Southampton the same day that the White Star vessels sail from Queenstown, and arrive at the port of New York before the White Star steamers. More than a day could be saved if the English Government followed the American rule of sending the mails by the fastest ship. If the German vessels were allowed to convey from Southampton the mails that accumulate after the departure from London of the mails to be sent by the Cunard or White Star vessels from Queenstown, it would save not only the difference in the time required to convey the mails from London to Queenstown and Southampton, but advance the dispatch of the mails held to be sent by

the next Cunard or White Star steamer sailing from Queenstown two days after the German vessel sails from Southampton. Goods coming to the United States by the fast ships are thrown on the dock as unclaimed goods, and are taken possession of by the Government and put in a general-order store, mails containing the bills of lading coming (later on) by the slow ships. All that expense has to be borne by our people simply because the English Government are determined to send their mails by a line they want to support.

The Universal Postal Union meets this year, and before that body, probably, this and other questions will be discussed. It will be seen, however, that the question of the hour is not the reduction of domestic postage to one cent an ounce, but, as the present Postmaster-general wisely puts it, "a general betterment of the service." In no wiser way can that "general betterment" be begun than by an improvement in a line of post-office work of which Postmaster-general Wanamaker knows as much about as any man in the country—to wit, the ocean service. I commend this suggestion to the attention of the American representatives, whoever they may be, who will this summer attend the meeting of the Universal Postal Union.

Thos. L. James.

A NEW SABBATARIAN MOVEMENT.

THE tendency of the times is, no doubt, strongly toward a more general observance of Sunday as a day of rest. Everywhere at the assembling of Church denominations thus far this year, Sunday work, and especially the newspaper, has been openly denounced. In every State in the Union, with hardly an exception, Sunday trade, and particularly liquor-selling, is now forbidden by statute. Recently some of the great railway lines, led by the Vanderbilt system, have stopped the running, as far as possible, of Sunday passenger and freight trains, and now the Sabbatarian movement is affecting the National Administration.

Postmaster-general Wanamaker is making an investigation in reference to Sunday work in post-offices, and proposes to have all unessential labor on the day of rest cease at once. Following this announcement comes another of the abolition of Sunday duty in the regular army, by order of President Harrison. In his order he refers to the fact that Washington and Lincoln, in the exciting times of war, saw fit to enjoin the orderly observance of the Sabbath by the army and the navy, and he accordingly suggests that soldiers and sailors are entitled to a day of rest in times of peace.

The American people are usually too much engrossed in business to be diverted by movements of this nature. It is only when by the systematic and determined efforts of a few leading agitators some moral or political reform gets under headway that it moves with rapidly accelerating speed. Many see in this new Sabbatarian movement something that has already grown from a shadow into a cloud that may overspread the land and darken the day for the Sabbath-breaker everywhere.

MEXICO AND THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE.

THE statement made in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, that so far the Mexican Government has given no intimation that it will appoint commissioners for the Congress of American States, which opens in Washington on the 4th of October, is followed by another which semi-officially says the invitation had been accepted, and that the delay in the matter was due to the fact that the invitation had not been formally extended. Mexican officials have been urged by the merchants of that country to take action, but the Government had been reluctant to move because, as is alleged, of political reasons. It is more than possible that an intrigue of German and English merchants who fear American competition is at the bottom of these "political reasons."

For many years—ever since the annexation of Texas, in fact—a sentiment has grown up in Mexico antagonistic to the United States. It has always been felt that Mexico was unjustly dealt with in the Texas annexation matter, and even the conduct of our Government at the time of the French invasion, generous, courteous, and friendly as it was, has not obliterated entirely the antagonism of forty years ago.

A prominent St. Louis merchant writes us that he recently, at the request of General Henderson, wrote to a Mexican gentleman prominent in Government circles in the City of Mexico, asking him for definite information as to whether Mexico did or did not intend to take official action in regard to being represented at the Congress of American States. The reply indicated that Mexico would decline to participate. Our correspondent suggests that the extreme importance of the conference should lead to the bringing of strong pressure to bear on the subject of Mexico's co-operation. The St. Louis gentleman writes with so much force on the subject that we cannot do better than quote part of his letter. He says:

The writer has recently made an extended trip of several weeks in Mexico, for the special purpose of making observations as to the outlook for a possible extension of our business in that field. From personal contact with the leading business men and officials in that country, I have learned that there is now a decided leaning of the people in Mexico toward the cultivation of more intimate commercial relations with the people of the

United States, and that a great bulk of their trade, which is now in the almost absolute control of Germany and Great Britain, is in a fair way to be transferred to the United States, if certain hindrances now existing in the interchange of merchandise, and in traffic and customs regulations, can be remedied by action at this coming conference. Also, if, through the agency of the commissioners at the conference, a move could be made which might finally result in the greatly desired and much needed "reciprocity treaty" between the United States and Mexico, it might open a new and wide outlet for the manufactured products of the United States, and at once become a source of considerable profit. Mexico is to-day on the eve of a decided change in her commercial needs, usages, and customs. Our railroad communication with Mexico has been the means of stimulating and bringing that people to realize that they have been nearly a hundred years behind the times, and the new outlet for their agricultural products and mineral products has been of immediate and material benefit to them. The fine new harbor they are now making at great expense at Tampico, with the new railroad lines from east to west, connecting the interior of Mexico, will be of considerable benefit to our American shippers, and give us something like a fair competition with the very low rates of freight which now prevail from England and Germany to our disadvantage. As an instance of the present disadvantage in this respect, I will mention that in Chihuahua the agent of an oil company advised the writer that on blue-stone and other chemicals, which they buy in and near New York in large quantities, they have found it cheaper to ship from New York to Liverpool, thence via the Henderson line from Liverpool to New Orleans, and thence to Chihuahua, than to ship the same goods direct from New York by either steam or rail. Another advantage that will accrue to Mexico in the opening up of these railroad lines, which intersect and cross their three trunk lines which run from north to south, will be that the whole country will be in full communication with the outside world both by rail and sea-port, and will now be ready for a tide of immigrants which Mexico not only greatly needs, but has plenty of room to accommodate. To-day American capital and enterprise are employed to the extent of many millions of dollars in building and in managing the railroads, telegraphs, telephones, express lines, and even the street-car lines in that country. Most of the manufacturing enterprises are owned and operated by Americans and American capital. The Americans own largely in the mining enterprises, and are also large owners of ranches for agricultural and grazing purposes. At this time, when the Mexicans are adopting our wares and implements, our tools and machinery, our commercial methods, our manners and customs, and even our styles of dress, we should leave no stone unturned to endeavor to have Mexico's duly accredited representatives meet with ours in the congress, to formulate the best possible plans for the immediate establishment of such intimate commercial and fraternal relations between the two nations as shall secure to each the fullest possible amount of the other's trade.

The extension of American trade and commerce is a subject in which the entire people is interested. It addresses itself to our material interests, our present welfare and future prosperity. The Administration can devote itself to no more profitable and deserving subject. Congress, immediately upon its organization, should give the matter careful scrutiny; and there should be positive, prompt legislation on the subject. We have on this continent, among the South American republics, a population of nearly 50,000,000 persons, whose trade in exports and imports aggregates nearly \$900,000,000 per year. European nations have stretched out and secured this trade by means of a subsidized merchant marine, while we, the nearest neighbors of these South American republics, sit idly by and complain that we cannot find a market for our products. Even our flour and wheat, in the production of which we lead, is cut out of its market in South America by Austria, England, and Germany. Foreigners do not fail to realize the importance of the coming international conference at Washington, and they will use every effort, fair and unfair, to prevent the South American nations from being represented thereat. Our representatives abroad should, under the advice and counsel of the State Department, give immediate attention to this matter. It is of far more interest to the welfare of the people than any purely political question.

PEACE OR WAR IN EUROPE.

THERE seems to be little reason for anticipating the outbreak of war this year. The Austrian journals are excited about Servian politics as likely to set all the Balkan countries by the ears, but every thinking Austrian knows that the dual monarchy is living over a volcano, and his nerves give him an uneasy feeling when one of his neighbors is restless. The Balkan peninsula is for a Viennese writer the one dangerous spot in Europe, and it is dangerous enough; but war will be made, when it does come, by Germany or by Russia, and for these Powers the Balkan region is but one of several openings for the tremendous game. It is tacitly understood that neither France nor Italy will break the peace, and Germany, though conscious of her own strength, knows, also, that it will be strained to the uttermost, even with the help of her allies, in a wrestle with France and Russia. It is not for the interest of Germany to fight; for even if she wins, she will be in no position to exact hard terms, and if she is defeated, she will lose, if nothing else, the headship she now enjoys.

The Power that has the decision in its own hands is Russia. The support of France is assured, and so far there seems to be no reason for haste; and it is certain that, if France can wait on the one side, Russia grows stronger in the Balkan peninsula with every month that passes. Every impatient move, every threat made by Austria, helps the Russian cause in Servia and Bulgaria. It must be thought that the signs in Europe are for peace.

It is not quite the same in Asia, and yet there is no decided indication of trouble, unless the closing of the Russian hold on Persia be one. This interests principally England, but the two great Asiatic rivals have shown again and again, within the past few years, that they will endure much, rather than come into collision. It is true that the situation has become much more favorable to Russia within two years by the extension of her railways, so that she is relatively stronger than England at the points of contact; but if Russia begins the war in Asia, she has to fear that the support of England offered to the Triple Alliance may bring the weight of Germany upon her in Europe. Balancing each other as the forces do, it looks as if only an unexpected change could force one Power or another to make a move. If that comes, it must be the signal for a general conflict; but no one incident as yet reported can be interpreted to be such

a move. There are times when all signs fail, but the European peace may well last for another year.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has made no mistake in appointing William Walter Phelps as Minister to Germany. Mr. Phelps is a man of large capacity, with peculiar aptitude for diplomacy, supplemented by a long practical experience in public affairs. He is, besides, thoroughly American in all his convictions and sympathies, and he will discharge the delicate duties of his position in such a way as to command both the respect of the court to which he is accredited and the approval of his own countrymen. It is not the least of his qualifications that he is a fine linguist, speaking German and several other tongues with fluency and ease, and being well "up" in the historic and general literature of the people to whom he is sent.

It is gratifying to see that the leading colleges of the country continue to enjoy the favor of men of wealth. The gifts to Princeton, Yale, and other institutions of learning during the past year run up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. Yale alone has received over \$200,000, and Princeton reports even a larger sum, while one Western institution has added to its resources gifts amounting to \$700,000. Indeed, there is hardly a college of any pretensions in the country which has not been the object of benefactions more or less notable. There has never been a time when the sympathy of the rich men of the country—many of whom have never personally enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education—with the best and highest forms of culture and scholarship was so pronounced and active as now, and the fact is full of promise and hope for the future, in which so many grave and important questions, involving the best interests of the nation, if not of all mankind, and requiring for their right adjustment the ripest wisdom, will compel the attention of the people.

BRITISH capital continues its search for new fields of conquest. It is not content with obtaining control of old-established industries in the Northern States of the Union, but is seeking investment in entirely new enterprises at the South, especially in the development of the iron and coal industries. One of the latest enterprises of this sort is that just matured near Cumberland Gap, in Kentucky, near the Tennessee line, where English capitalists have invested \$4,000,000 in the purchase of mineral lands, and propose to erect furnaces, steel-works, rolling-mills, pipe-works, etc., at an additional cost of \$3,000,000. The plans of the company also contemplate the erection of several hotels and a sanitarium on an extensive scale, the development of coal-mines, the establishment of electric-light and gas works, saw-mills, and brick-yards; the total cash investment already secured aggregating \$10,000,000. It goes without saying that the introduction of this amount of foreign capital will contribute enormously to the prosperity of the South, and help forward the solution, on a right basis, of the economic problems which the people of that section are now considering. It is inevitable that, once supplied with the means for the utilization of the resources so long undeveloped, the Southern people will demand the maintenance of that protective policy which makes that utilization, under the best conditions, possible.

THE retirement of Colonel Emmons Clark from his connection with the Seventh Regiment is an event of interest to the National Guard throughout the country. For over thirty-two years Colonel Clark has been connected with the Seventh Regiment, serving for twenty-five years as its commander. During this time the regiment has made a national reputation. It was actively engaged among the first recruits of the war of the Rebellion, it has helped to preserve the peace of this city in times of riot, and it has won distinguished commendation for its military bearing and splendid discipline on all the great commemorative parades in New York and some other large cities. Colonel Clark is a thorough soldier. He not only brought his regiment up to a high state of efficiency, but he maintained it there; and beyond all this, he actively identified himself with legislation in reference to the militia of this State, and thus rendered service that all the members of the National Guard appreciate. The Seventh has achieved a proud distinction under the management of Colonel Clark, and that reputation will no doubt be maintained as a matter of pride and honor by his successor. Governor Hill, in presenting with his own hands at the State Camp to Colonel Clark the latter's commission as Brigadier-general of the State Militia, paid an eloquent tribute, not only to Colonel Clark, but to all the members of the Seventh Regiment. It was one of the Governor's most felicitous efforts.

A REMARKABLE report on the death-rate of New York City, recently made by Dr. R. S. Tracy, Registrar of Vital Statistics of New York City, has attracted much attention. Out of a population in this city of a little over 1,500,000, Dr. Tracy found that over 1,000,000 live in tenement-houses, not including first-class apartment-houses and flats; that there were 40,000 deaths in New York in 1888, nearly 25,000 of them occurring in tenement-houses; and that while the general death-rate per thousand inhabitants was 26.33, the death-rate among the tenement-dwellers was only 22.71. Dr. Tracy's conclusions in his report are, that the death-rate in tenements is less than the general death-rate, and that it is less in large than in small tenements. These conclusions are entirely against the prevailing impression, and we believe that a careful investigation will show that they are grounded on a misconception of the facts. It is certain that the conclusions are entirely different from those that have been reached by experts in other large cities. If Dr. Tracy's conclusions should be justified, however, they would furnish the best argument in favor of a continuance of a rigorous policy of sanitary examination in large cities. The department of health would naturally be credited with any improvement in the death-rate showing of the tenement districts, and possibly Dr. Tracy was unconsciously influenced in his judgment by a natural desire to present his department in the most favorable light.



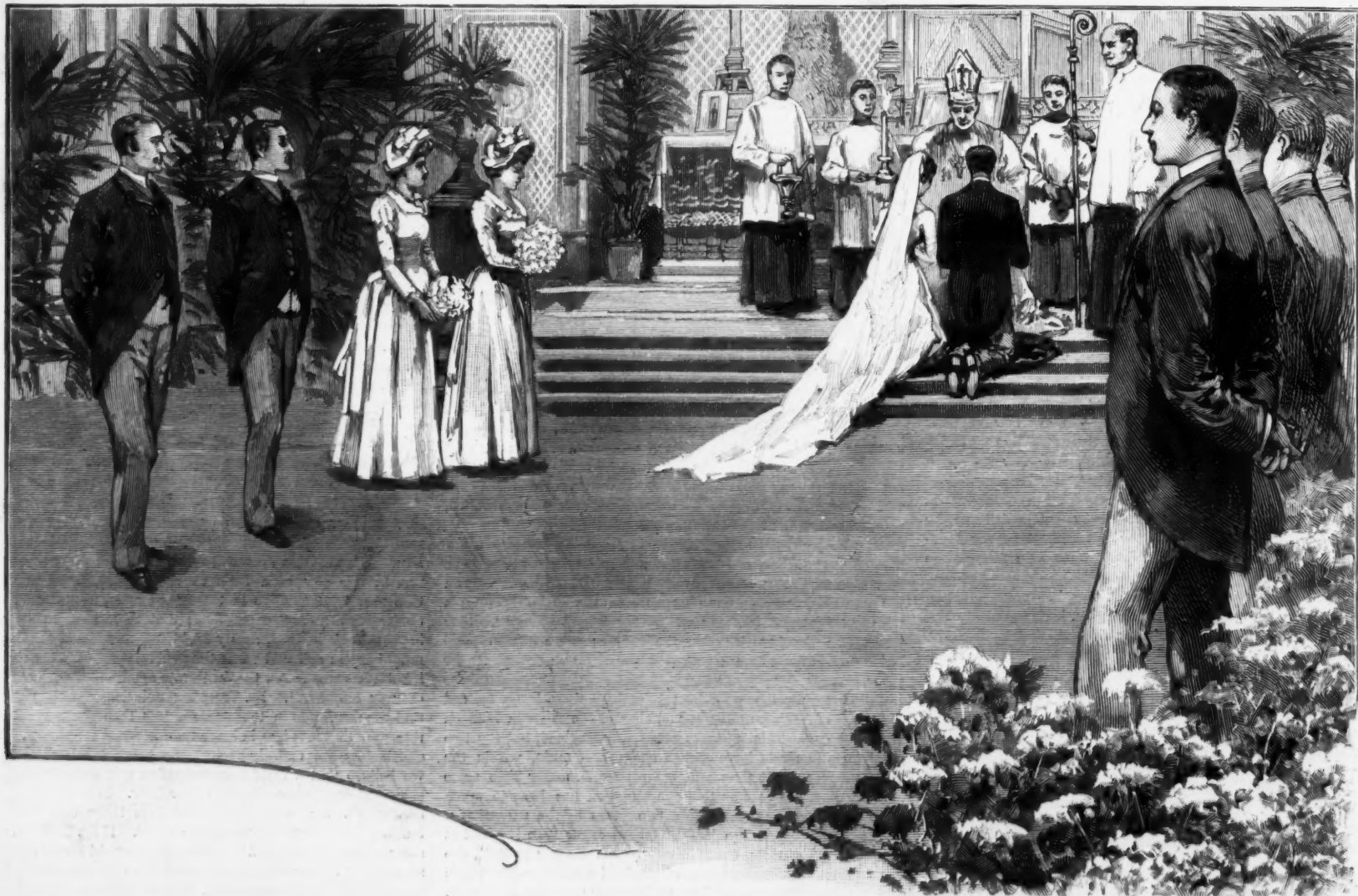
THE BRIDEGROOM, JOHN V. DAHLGREN.

A NOTABLE WEDDING.

THE most notable society event of the year was the marriage, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York, on the 29th ult., of Mr. John V. Dahlgren, son of the late Admiral Dahlgren, and Miss Elizabeth Drexel, daughter of the late Joseph W. Drexel. The extraordinary interest excited by the event was shown by the fact that the cathedral was thronged by thousands of spectators representing the best social elements of this and other cities. The marriage-ceremony was in every respect beautiful and impressive. It was performed by Archbishop Corrigan, a nuptial mass being celebrated by Rev. Father Colton. The bride was attired in a dress of thick white satin, *en train*, with front draped in rare point d'Alençon lace 150 years old, and worth about \$2,000, the entire dress costing something like \$5,000. The garniture of the drapery was of orange-blossoms. The square-cut corsage was edged with heavy white braided cord with long tassel-ends. The neck was trimmed with white point d'Alençon lace, and the veil was of the same delicate material, arranged on the head with a magnificent tiara of diamonds—a gift from the bride's mother—all of which were secured with

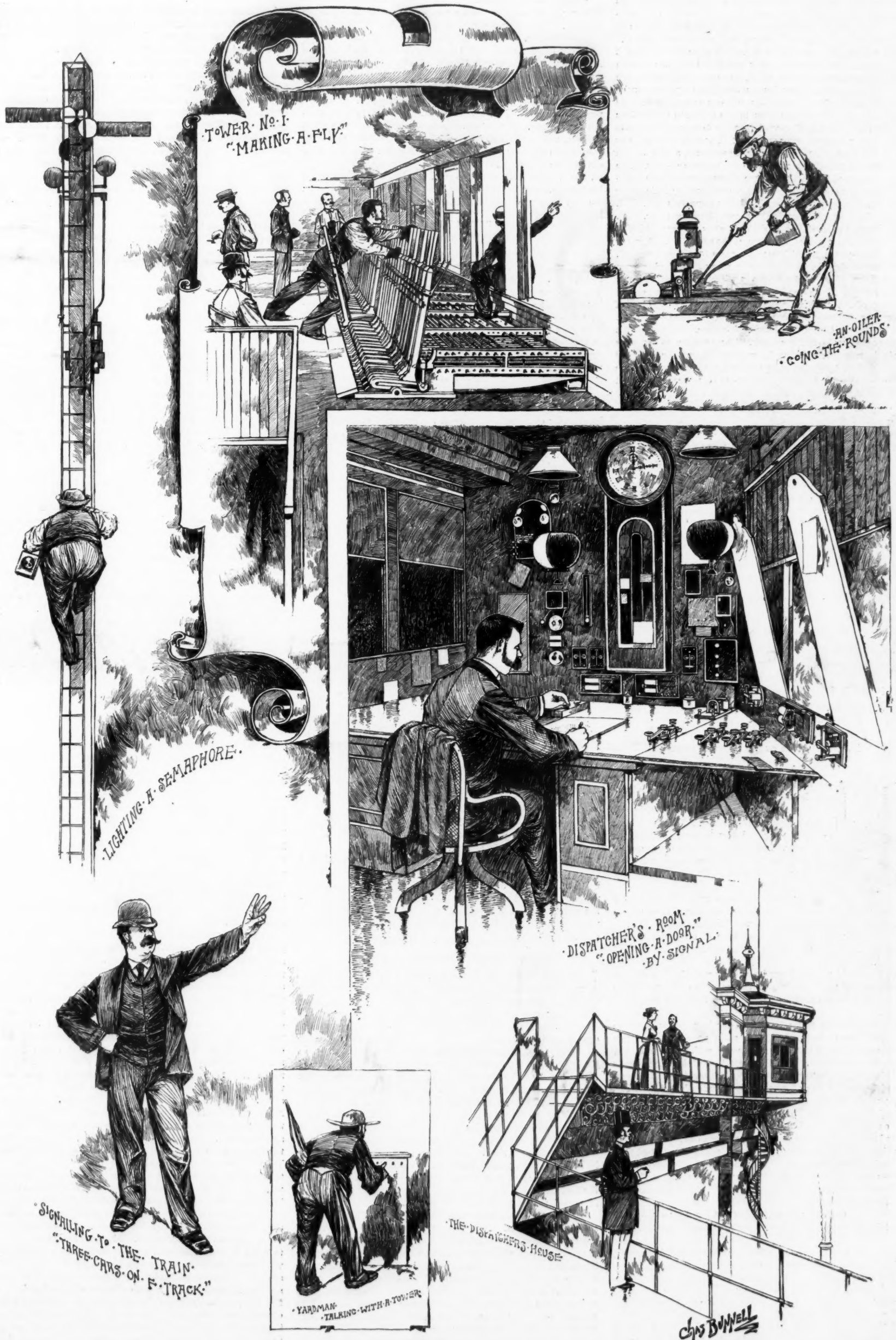


THE BRIDE, MISS ELIZABETH DREXEL.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE DAHLGREN-DREXEL WEDDING, THE MOST BRILLIANT SOCIETY EVENT OF THE SEASON—SCENE AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL: ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN PERFORMING THE MARRIAGE-CEREMONY.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.



THE SYSTEM OF DEPOT AND TRAIN MANAGEMENT AT THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION IN NEW YORK CITY.
FROM SKETCHES BY C. BUNNELL.—[SEE PAGE 387.]

sprays of orange-blossoms fastened with diamond pins. White satin slippers, with pearl-trimmed bows, and white suede gloves completed the costume. She carried a bouquet of Niphetos roses and a beautiful prayer-book, bound in vellum, and ornamented with a cross, crown, and anchor of diamonds, rubies, and sapphires, the gift of Mrs. Dahlgren, the bridegroom's mother.

The wedding-gifts were of great variety and value. The gift of the bridegroom was especially notable, being the Martin Luther engagement-ring, with which he betrothed Catherine von Bora. It is a curious-looking, large, wide silver ring, with a ruby at the top, and is the original of the gold one among the exhibits in Heidelberg Castle. It has been in the Dahlgren family since the year 1825. Mrs. J. W. Drexel gave her daughter, in addition to the tiara, a diamond flower-pendant. The gifts of Miss Lucy Drexel and Miss Kate Drexel were, respectively, a pair of tall silver *repoussé* candelabra and a *repoussé* tea-set and tray. The pendant designed in the form of two diamond hearts with emerald centres, worn by the bride, was a gift from her little sister Josephine. Two *repoussé* vegetable-dishes came from Mrs. A. J. Drexel; also a set of Crown Derby dinner-plates from Mrs. Paul. Mrs. (Drexel) Fell sent two English cut-glass pitchers, and Mrs. A. J. Drexel, Jr., a pair of decanters of the same kind. Another set of dinner-plates, Royal Worcester, came from Mrs. Joseph C. Smith, of Philadelphia. Besides these, many elegant gifts were received from friends and relatives in Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. Mrs. Georgine Campbell, of Washington, gave a miniature of Mr. Dahlgren, painted by herself; Mrs. Brooke, of Reading, Pa., sent dainty Royal Worcester, and her brother, Mr. Wharton Morris, handsome silver fruit-knives. All the bride's trousseau was made in New York. The couple who are thus happily launched on matrimonial seas are of about the same age—both in their twenty-second year—and the bridegroom is one of the Georgetown College graduates of this year. They will spend the honey-moon at North Mountain, Maryland.

ABSTRACTION.

(FOR A PICTURE.)

HER close-linked hands and parted lips
Betoken thought in half eclipse.

Her eyes are soft as some clear stream
O'er which the stars of evening dream.

Her hair beneath its velvet braid
Holds less, just now, of sun than shade,

And even to her dimpled chin
Stillness has shyly entered in.

Words are too reverent to intrude
Upon her pensiveness of mood,

For all her gracious traits combined
Form this brief gloaming of the mind.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

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A PHILOSOPHER IN LOVE AND IN UNIFORM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NAPOLEON SMITH."

CHAPTER XVII.—REST A MOMENT.



UGH MALLON stopped his story. I leaned forward and said:

"It is a strange, weird tale. It is sad, also, and I can hardly sit still and hear you say you know no more of Cadogan's story. But, the general, the companion of Cadogan in his occult studies, why did he not come back and unravel the history of his life?"

"General ——— was assassinated by guerrillas near Newmarket, Ala., in the summer of '18,—as you will discover in any history of the war," said Mallon, gravely.

"And you never knew anything more of Cadogan's antecedents or his family, or the cause of his strange life or studies?" I asked.

"I have told you all I ever knew or surmised of the strange romance which took place here in the summer of '63, while the Union forces were encamped at this place for instruction," said Mallon.

"Your kindness and attention in his last illness seem to have fixed the memory of Cadogan so in your heart that you almost regard him in the light of a son," I said. Mallon nodded his head in affirmation. "At the same time Cadogan seemed to hold himself aloof from entangling affections, and steeled his heart to resist even the love of woman. Had he lived, he would still have pursued his strange studies, and torn himself from all softer or tenderer fellowships," and I looked triumphantly at Lucy Mallon, on whose cheeks burned the red color of excitement. I wished to put my fortune to the test, and went on: "While some less-gifted man, with a heart all human, might not attempt such spiritual flights, but would be satisfied with God's best gift to man—a woman's love—and let the mysteries of life go."

Lucy arose to leave the room, but turned at the door and shot this Parthian arrow:

"Thou shalt lower to his level day by day. What is fine within thee growing coarse, to sympathize with clay."

"Yes," I cried after her; "but Tennyson had been sadly sacked, and later on made a prosaic marriage."

The door was slammed in mimic wrath, and I knew that I had moved a step forward in my wooing.

"But, Mr. Mallon," I said, "what became of Sam, the colored man, who was mixed up in the romance?"

"The very individual I am looking at out of the window now. He runs a pair of mules and wagon to the depot to carry passengers and the mails, and he has left the main road and is coming toward the house with three passengers on board. I wonder what it means?" said the old man.

With much flourishing of whip and voice, the carry-all was swung up to the door, and Sam said:

"Heah you is, gemman. Fo' bits, a half-dollah, or two quah-tahs pays de bill. Dem's de wagon-pullinest mules in de cyounty. Bring up yo' trunks in de mawnin'."

"Ha!" said I. "Sam, were you in the war?"

"Was I in de wah? Sah, I was froo de wah. Go 'long, Jane Ann. Ast Mr. Mallon; he knows. I was wid General Roscerans at Chickamauga. Come up, John Henry. Good-day, sah; de mail boun' ter be on time."

The three passengers were standing in a group. The most prominent was a florid English tourist. You need ask no questions about him. He had on a checked traveling-suit, and a pair of thick walking-shoes which looked as if leather and nails were much cheaper in England than with us. He had on a comical cap of checked cloth, which gave him the appearance of an American hostler as to head-gear. He had a glass inserted in his left eye, and was scrutinizing the house with much curiosity. He was large, florid, and healthy-looking. He handed Mr. Mallon a card:

ARTHUR CRESTLAKE,
LINCOLN'S INN, LONDON.

The second person was an East-Indian. This, also, was evident at a glance. He was about five feet four inches in height, and slender. His eyes were bright, black, and twinkling. From whatever way you approached him you seemed to notice nothing but those eyes. His dress was conventional, though somehow the black-alpaca trousers, satin vest, and seersucker coat looked as if turned out by a tailor at Calcutta and first worn in the presence of a rajah in some office in a palace up the country. He took out a gold card-case and handed Mr. Mallon a scented card, printed on pressed silk, and it read:

SAKYA HUMI,
BOMBAY.

The third man at last was touched upon the shoulder, and he lifted a pair of green goggles from his eyes and revealed one of those horrible sights which the law demands shall be kept covered, in mercy and consideration for the feelings of the public. Both his eyes were gone, and only the red, cavernous sockets



"SHE TURNED AT THE DOOR AND SHOT THIS ARROW."

reminded the observer of the ghastly loss. Mallon turned and led the way into the house, where the frugal evening meal was being spread by the deft hands of Lucy. After the evening meal, when pipes were lighted, we sat down about the glowing wood-fire and three stories were told by the three strangers, and at midnight much light had been thrown on the curious career of Cadogan.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE ENGLISHMAN'S STORY.

I AM here because at Triune was lost a thread which, however slender, had been the means of secretly binding a wonderful and mysterious man to those who may or may not have had strong reasons for loving and caring for the wanderer. Here, Mr. Mallon, the thread snapped, and I now stand at the end of the clew. I am an attorney and counselor-at-law of Lincoln's Inn, City. America—or, properly, the United States—is in the future to be the field of romance for several reasons. One is, that it has been the reservoir of the strange and heterogeneous happenings of the civilized world. It has been the asylum of the outcast and the wounded of older civilizations. If we stop to consider a moment, we shall recall the fact that it has not always been the commonplace or ignorant who have been exiles on these shores. Louis Napoleon had, I understand, a cigar-shop in your metropolis of New York. A French king lived for a time on a New Jersey farm, and Garibaldi was a toiler at a dollar a day in a factory in one of your slums. As a home for the oppressed the United States has entertained many angels unawares, who afterward soared away on silver pinions.

In 1856 there was interjected into American society a strange and mysterious man. From whence he came no one knew. His previous history none could tell. He was a strangely beautiful man, with large, expressive eyes and a tender, womanish mouth. Those who saw him turned again to look, and if they were of a literary turn of mind they remarked a wonderful similarity to the steel-plate pictures of Lord Byron. Byron's pictures, like those of your great first President, Washington, all look alike. I do not know that this stranger ever claimed to be a son of Lord Byron's; probably not. Some have said that through New York bankers he received money from Newstead Abbey. As a lawyer I make no admissions; I only tell what was said in newspaper gossip at the time. This man had some traits peculiar to Lord Byron. He was an intense lover of liberty, and was Quixotic in

his plans and acts. He entered into the Kansas excitement of 1856, and was known as Colonel Richard Rolfe. Let us say that was his name—Rolfe. He was brave as the proverbial English lion, and in those terrible days of Kansas riot and bloodshed a lurid track of brave deeds and self-sacrificing acts marked his career. He went farther, and, like Byron at Missolonghi, Greece, he dreamed of a republic to rise up out of the ashes of a slave oligarchy. He was the lieutenant of that mad though gentle enthusiast, John Brown, and, in the dream of the fanatic, Rolfe figured as the Secretary of State in the plans of a government to be founded on the frail base of a freed mob of bondmen. He was with Brown in that insane raid at Harper's Ferry, and when the hot bubble, rising on the steam of political excitement, burst and John Brown died, the last to admit defeat was Rolfe. Gentlemen, I am only a lawyer, but I tell you that those mad enthusiasts wrote the first chapter in the history of universal freedom. This Rolfe was also as bright a poet as the one he resembled. In camp and bivouac he sent out plaintive battle-calls and inspiring anthems of hope which will cling to your language and literature as long as they exist. In more favorable circumstances he would have stamped his name on the age, as did he whom he was said to resemble. I recall a bugle-song of the Kansas camps, which commences,

All night within our guarded tents,
Until the moon was low,
Wrapt round as with Jehovah's smile,
We waited for the foe.

He became a journalist, and stood out for a time a marvel of wit and a wonder of concentration of thought and clearness of perception. As I trace him through his erratic career I find him possessed of the same curse of volatility noticed in Byron. At times no monk more austere in deportment, no cloistered dreamer with more elated conceptions of purity or manly nobility; but then again he became a fallen angel and reveled in debauchery, and consorted with the low and vile. There are hints of broken marriage-vows and insane revels which broke loving hearts. At last I find him in the Western army, seeking a higher and better life. I hear of him as a wonder of purity and a dreamer of the perfection of the human race. Finally there comes a time when no longer are drafts made on the New York bankers, and the law firm in London are not called upon to forward bills of exchange. Under the name of Cadogan this strange being is laid in a Southern grave, and as a lawyer and counselor I am here to verify his death. Mind, gentlemen, I admit nothing. This Rolfe, or Cadogan, may have been born in a work-house, may have had no living relative, but he had friends; and if any of you are in possession of facts which will go to show that Rolfe the poet and Cadogan the dreamer and soldier are one, and that the one I describe is dead, I am willing to pay for information, or if no pay is desired, I am very grateful for favors received. I am a man of business and of few words. Will you hand me the tobacco? I wish to replenish my pipe.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE EAST-INDIAN'S STORY.

IN every age of the world there have been select and masterful minds dissatisfied with the conclusions arrived at by the masses in reference to spiritual things. Questions have arisen which ordinary logic or commonplace evidence could not answer. It is only necessary to speak of a few. Is there an independently existing soul in man? Science has never found evidence that there is. Can the soul, or spirit, of man for a time leave the body, visit distant places, and return to its habitation? Science laughs at such a question. Can two sympathetic souls hold converse while their bodies are miles apart? Science calls the very question puerile and an insult to reason. Is what we call death a separation of soul and body, or does death terminate experience? Science is respectful in her answer, but says that this universal belief is a chimera born of longing for a continued existence. In all ages of the world, I say, men have existed who have made these questions the study of their lives, and they answer to every question: "Yes, man has a spirit independently existing; that spirit can leave the body and return; two of these spirits may hold converse though their bodies be miles apart, and death is the separation of an unimpaired and perfect spirit from a decaying body."

These questions are noticeable for their spontaneous promulgation all over the world. They are asked in China, in India, in Persia, in Palestine, simultaneously. The query then comes, not from education; it is inherent in the race and sporadic in its appearance. You will be astonished when I tell you that, since the dawn of time, these select minds among men were in correspondence and sympathy with each other. As, in some foretold conjunction of the planets, observers are placed all over the world to report on differing aspects of the phenomenon, so all over the world this brotherhood of students took note of the advance of spiritual science. Confucius, Buddha, or Mohammed might dream alone, but their dreams added to the store of thought. In my native India was the centre of this occult study. For ages in the caves of the Himalayas have lived the *Brothers*. You call them adepts, proficient, masters. They were the wise men who came from the East when the Jewish Messiah was born. From the mountain-tops, where the dawn first touched with its light, they saw the coming of a new Teacher. We hold even that the Paul of the new religion belonged to this brotherhood, and that when the Christ said to his pupils, "To you it is given to know the secrets of the kingdom," he intimated that they were adepts in this occult study of the ages.

To what have we attained in the garnering of the fruit of ages of thought? To this: We communicate with each other when thousands of miles apart. Thought flashes from mind to mind as electricity flies from cloud to cloud. Missives are written and transmitted through space unseen, and materialized at their destination as blades of grass materialize from dew and sunshine. The evidence of the existence of spirit has been verified by voluntary exits of the soul from its tenement and the empty house waiting with all its involuntary functions, as breathing, circulation of the blood, and production of animal heat, going on perfectly without the assistance of the spirit, until that spirit returns to set in motion the voluntary muscles and again resume the mastership of the body. To prove the immortality of the spirit, it may forever remain away from its earthly tenement and

allow it to fall into decay. In 1840 there came to us in our cave-dwellings a man who sought to perfect himself in occult study. His name was Cadogan. I see you look startled at the date I give, as you have called Cadogan a young man. One of the simplest arts known to our cult is the arrest of the decays of age. Without doubt in 1840 Cadogan looked of the same age that he did in 1863. I have no idea how old he was. He was a petitioner to us for further light in occult study, but on examination we found him a master and our superior. He had conceived the vast and stupendous thought of gathering into one mind the spiritual stores of the whole world. We, in our egotism, had been satisfied to sit down and follow our thread of truth from age to age with only hints by correspondence with congenial minds in all lands. This Cadogan had started with the project of learning the habits of plants and flowers; then devoting himself to the next step of creation—the animal world—he could call the birds in their own tones, and with a note of love make the bounding steed stoop for his caress, and even the tiger of the jungle recognized in him a master. Then he had stood naked in the voodoo rites of Africa and bore a chieftain's brand on his white flesh. He had learned the Persian's tongue, and had felt the thrill of the greeting song of dawn in their sun-worship. He had rested with a band of pilgrims at the shrine of Mecca, and had studied the concealed truths of the Koran. In the ice-huts of the North he had studied the hints of immortality in the rude wooden *larses* and *penates* of the Esquimaux. Himself a follower of the Nazarene, he had culled the religious truths of advanced civilization. Then he came to us and wore the coarse robe of a neophyte for seven years, before we dared to open to him the evidences of immortality we had accumulated through the ages. After ten years of study, he stood among us the master-mind, the marvel of India, the ruler over mental powers, a king of men. My English friend, this was not the erratic wanderer you seek. This man was as pure as the winter sunlight on a glacier. Transparent as the springs of my native mountains, and as free from human passions as the white rose of our valleys, he could not have been the man he was and live an unclean life. The wisdom of the ages is concentrated in this, "Virtue is power, vice is weakness." In every relation of life strength is found in virtue. Why am I here? Seven years ago the upper currents of the air brought to us a message. It was a death-note. It exhaled a sigh of agony. It was definite only in this—it came from the camps of the American army. It spoke of a later message, which never came. For seven years I have followed the fragments of that army, but get no definite clew as to that further message. I come now to the scene of his agony and death. I am here to find the clew to that concealed and wondrous life. I could tell of yet more wonderful secrets hidden in our lore of the ages, but you would stand aghast and doubt. I may have a theory as to who this man was before he became absorbed in occult study. I might hint at a throne discarded, and the tinsel trappings of modern greatness renounced for a greater mission, but you would disbelieve. To-day there waits a few of the brothers in every land to hear the completion of the wondrous story. What would have been the conclusion arrived at by this superlative student, what the world loses by his silence, this I ponder. I am done.

(To be continued.)

THE WALL STREET SITUATION.

IF anything tends to strain the situation in Wall Street, it is the sudden injection into its complex speculative system of a new line of business under the guise of "Industrial securities," or "Trust stocks." Old and conservative heads have doubted the propriety of permitting transactions on the floor of the Exchange in unlisted securities; for the door once opened to these shadowy stocks, no one could foretell what variety of the wild-cat species might creep in. Already there are evidences that the transactions in Trust securities are being overdone, and that preparations have been made to foist upon the public some of the most worthless securities under the pretense that they are part of some Trust or combination scheme.

It has not helped the situation materially that great and successful combinations like the Standard Oil Company and the Sugar Trust continue to conceal from the public, not only their balance-sheets, but also the amount of their capital and their net and gross earnings. There can be but two reasons for the sudden desire of the manipulators of Trust companies to interest the investing and speculative public in their securities. One is that they want to scatter these securities more widely, and thus combat the prejudice against them. This would be a very sensible proceeding. It is one which Jay Gould tried to follow out with his Western Union, and accomplished quite successfully, and one which old Commodore Vanderbilt thought of with his long head. The wide distribution of New York Central stock, by which it has been scattered from one end of this land to the other, has had much to do with the stability of that security in seasons of depression as well as of prosperity. If the managers of the Trusts wanted to fight down the public prejudice against them, the best way would be to scatter some of their scrip throughout the Union, and thus make every holder of it a man who would fight legislative oppression and insist upon fair play for the stock in which he had invested. This, I say, might be one of the reasons why the Trust stocks have been thrust into prominence on Wall Street.

The second reason might be—and it is a good reason, too, in some emergencies—to distribute the stock for the purpose of unloading it from the shoulders of those who are tired of carrying it. There are evidences, not a few, that this unloading process is being carried on. Take the Sugar Trust, for instance, and witness the phenomenal rise it has enjoyed. On what? There is not a man in God's creation who can tell or will tell. There is not a man, certainly, outside the Sugar Trust who has any knowledge of its operations, and those who are in that combination—well guarded as it is—deliberately refuse to inform the public what is the stock of the Sugar Trust; what was the price paid for the refineries which make up its composition; what are its earnings, what its expenses, what the lobby has cost it!

All these questions receive no reply, but sensational and uncorroborated reports go flying down the street from stock-tickers and news-agencies with enticing inducements to investors to buy sugar certificates. Meanwhile, the public has witnessed, with no

little criticism, a rise in the average retail price of granulated sugar of over thirty per cent., and complaints go up in all directions, coupled with demands for legislative interference to crush the sugar monopoly. Does it stand to reason that these complaints, proceeding from the mass of the people, will go unheeded? The Sugar Trust prides itself on the belief that it cannot be reached by legislation on the part of States. Perhaps national legislation may be invoked, and if so, it will be not only the end of the Sugar Trust, but also the end of every combination calculated to enhance the cost of the necessities of life. What man in public life, no matter how tempting the inducements the lobby might hold out, would dare to vote against a bill held up as one that would reduce the cost of living to every one, and especially to the poor?

Granting the published estimates of the profits of the Sugar Trust for 1888 to be correct at \$10,000,000 over the dividend paid—granting even that the profits of the past six months have been over \$10,000,000, as is asserted—what of it if legislators stand ready to crush the Trust, and, more than that, what of it if capital spring into life in the shape of new sugar-refineries which demand and compel legislative protection? What of it, too, if Mr. Claus Spreckels, the great California sugar manipulator and speculator, steps into the arena as a champion of the people and the opponent of the Sugar Trust? Where then would be the profits of the Trust, and where then would be its mercurial certificates?

Precisely the same reasoning applies to other Trusts. The trick by which the Cotton-seed Trust induced a confiding but speculative public to invest in its certificates, on the rumor that a dividend was to be paid to stock-holders, is clearly revealed by the fact that no dividend is contemplated. The manipulators of the cotton-seed scheme, who see new cotton-oil mills springing up throughout the South outside of the Trust, realize the danger of their combination. Is it this that has led them to the desperate expedient of deliberately deceiving the public? All over the South we hear of new cotton-seed oil works that are being built. We hear, too, of the heavy capitalization of the Cotton-seed Oil Trust, as well as the Sugar Trust, and the exorbitant prices that were paid in stock for sugar-refineries and oil-mills. The fact that these factories are not equipped with the best and most improved machinery in some instances, or are far surpassed in their operations by the new mills that are springing up, will be realized when the bottom falls out of the speculation in so-called "Industrial securities," and the lambs of the street bleat over their shorn fleeces?

It is the duty of the self-respecting broker and banker, as well as of the newspaper-writer, to put these facts plainly before the public, and to demand that the truth be known regarding the capital of these Trust concerns, the basis of their capitalization, their earning capacity, their expenses, and the prospects of meeting competition as well as of paying dividends. I have only to say to the investor who may be tempted by this crazy desire to invest in Trusts, that he should beware especially of the various new securities of this kind that have been, or are about to be, foisted on Wall Street. At such a time even conservative brokers are carried away in the whirl of speculation, and are not competent, honestly and frankly, to advise their friends and outsiders. Let investors look at the situation precisely as it is, and follow the rule of making no investment on a blind speculation, but rather accept the smaller profit that is safe and sure.

As to the financial situation generally, it may be well to state that it is not entirely satisfactory. There are plenty of evidences, at this writing, of a tendency toward reaction. If the price of money is forced up and held up by circumstances beyond the control of speculation, as well as by speculators themselves who think the time to sell has come and await an opportunity to buy at lower prices, it will be well to avoid purchasing on a margin—a caution safe to follow at all times, but especially at present.

JASPEL.

TRAIN MANAGEMENT AT THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION.

NOTHING could be more complete than the system of depot and train management at the Grand Central Station in New York City. The safety of passengers and trains being regarded as of the first importance, every known appliance contributing to that end has been adopted. Practically and mechanically the method of sending out and receiving trains by the use of combination locks and semaphore signal renders it impossible for the most stupid novice to "bungle" the switches even if he should try to do so. One of our illustrations shows the dispatcher's room, from which all the trains are controlled, the dispatcher being in the act of opening a waiting-room door by merely touching a button. The interior of tower No. 1 is shown while the operators are making a fly switch. The 116 levers that control a section of the tracks are also shown. With a view of assuring efficiency and safety, a corps of oilers are continually making their rounds, examining and readjusting the locks, signals, switches, and tell-tales. The yardman is now able to communicate with the tower by telegraph, instead of the common practice of calling or signaling with the hand. Another illustration shows the fly semaphore signal; also the operator who is stationed at the base of the fly semaphore, who signals the incoming fly train, the number of cars upon the track upon which they are to bring up, etc.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE reduction of the public debt during June amounted to \$16,255,929.

THE total assessed valuation of the real and personal estate in New York City for the year 1889 is \$1,603,839,113.

THE Legislature of Michigan, which convened on the first Wednesday of January last, adjourned *sine die* on the 28th of June.

IN the initial rifle-shooting contest between the Massachusetts rifle-team and the Honorable Artillery Company of London, last week, the former won by a score of 1,015 to 961.

THE Italian Government has begun the work of tearing down 17,000 houses and sixty-two churches in the poorer part of Naples, in order to rebuild and improve the district.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THERE are 700 candidates waiting to be examined for admission into Harvard College.

OWING to favorable weather in Russia all fears that the crops would prove a failure have been dispelled.

A JAPANESE took the highest honors in a class of 438 graduates at the recent Michigan University commencement.

THE green two-cent postage-stamp is to "go." Its place will be taken by a stamp either carmine or metallic red in color.

SECRETARY TRACY has issued an order directing an entire reorganization of the business methods of the Navy Department.

ACCORDING to the figures of the directories just completed, the population of St. Paul and Minneapolis is now nearly half a million.

THE funeral of Mrs. Hayes, the wife of ex-President Hayes, at Fremont, Ohio, on the 28th ult., was attended by nearly 10,000 persons.

THE Prohibitionists of Pennsylvania do not, apparently, propose to abandon their agitation. They will hold a State convention on August 28th.

THE Indiana Supreme Court has decided that a license to sell liquor is not a contract, but a special tax, and does not preclude action by the municipal authorities.

IT is estimated that over \$2,000,000,000 is invested in the dairy business in this country, and that nearly 7,000,000,000 gallons of milk are produced every year.

DR. McDOW, whose trial for several days absorbed public attention at Charleston, S. C., was acquitted of the murder of Captain Dawson, on the ground of self-defense.

THE French Government will refuse to agree to the scheme for the conversion of the Egyptian preferred debt unless England will give a guarantee that she will evacuate Egypt.

TWENTY-FOUR of the old star-route cases on the docket of the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia have been dropped, the District-attorney stating that it would be impossible to secure convictions.

THE collections of internal revenue during the first eleven months of the fiscal year ending June 30th were \$120,028,968, being \$5,934,208 more than the collections during the corresponding period of the last fiscal year.

MRS. JOHN W. MACKAY, wife of the American millionaire, has brought action claiming £5,000 damages each from the *Manchester Examiner* and the *London Echo* for libel in stating that her mother was a washerwoman.

THE Chicago Grand Jury has indicted seven men for the murder of Dr. P. H. Cronin. The list includes Martin Burke, who was arrested in Winnipeg; but Alexander Sullivan, the Chicago lawyer, who has been under arrest, is not indicted.

MAIL advices from West Africa confirm previous reports of the shocking privations to which Mr. Stanley has been subjected. It is stated that his hair has turned snow-white, that his clothes are in rags, and that he is without shoes, being obliged to use skins to cover his feet.

SEVERAL of the outlying suburbs of Chicago have just voted in favor of annexation to that city, and in consequence it becomes the second largest city in the United States in population, while territorially it is the largest. The population now is 1,100,000, and the city covers an area of 150 square miles.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company now estimates the damage done by the late flood to its entire system of roads at from \$1,500,000 to \$1,750,000. This amount will be entirely supplied from the surplus profits of all the companies affected, which surplus is intended to meet just such extraordinary emergencies.

THE French are going in for athletics. The recent gymnastic *filles* at Vincennes called forth the attendance of 15,000 gymnasts from all parts of France. President Carnot attended, made a neat and appropriate speech, and presented a distinguished teacher of gymnastics with the cross of a knight of the Legion of Honor.

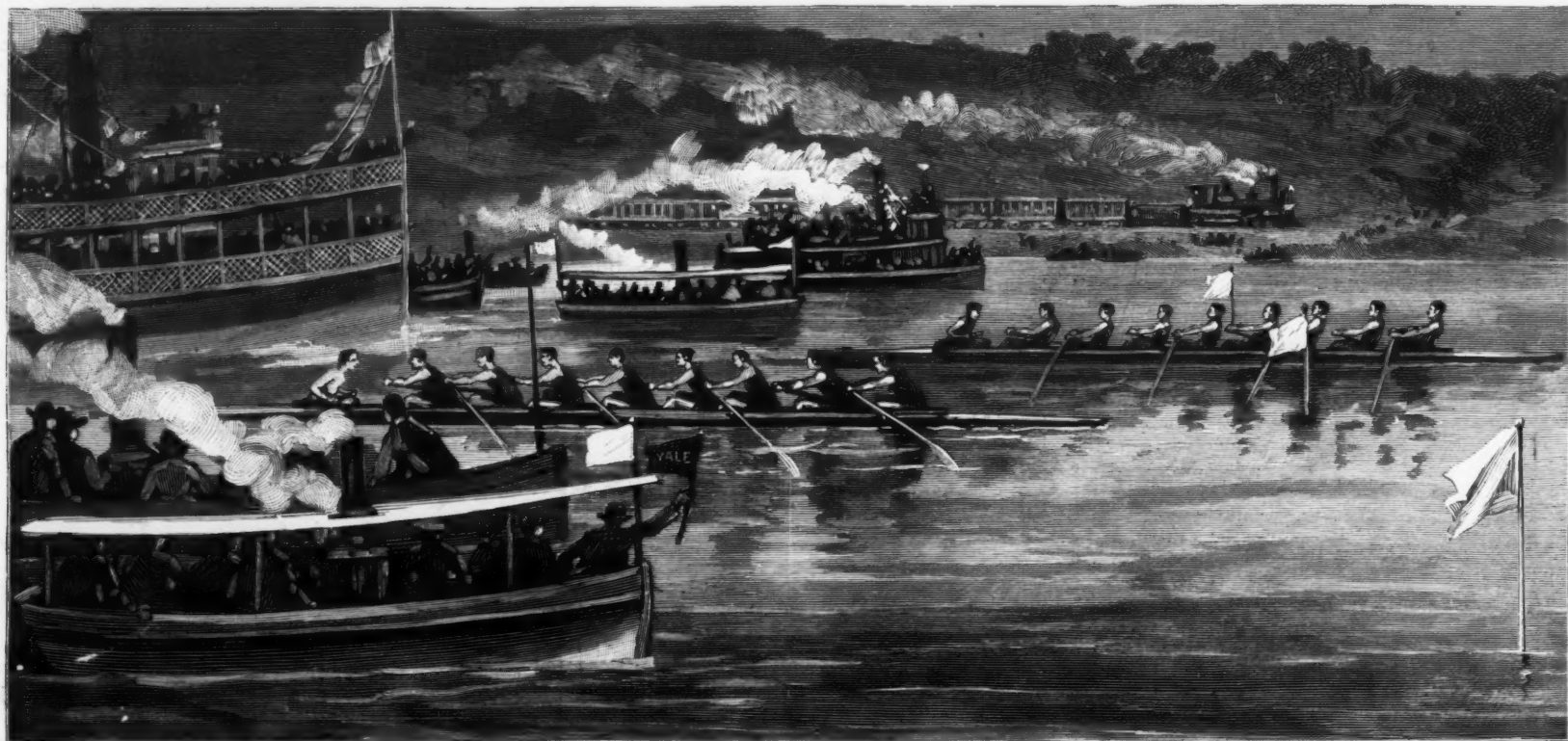
THE principal candidates on the Republican State ticket in Ohio are as follows: Governor, Joseph B. Foraker; Lieutenant-governor, E. L. Lampson, Ashtabula County; Supreme Judge, F. J. Dickman, Cleveland (renominated); Treasurer, John S. Brown; Clerk of Supreme Court, Urban H. Hester; Attorney-general, D. K. Watson (renominated).

HERE are eight States which, in the last two years, have refused to adopt prohibitory constitutional amendments: Michigan, 5,645; Texas, 92,661; Tennessee, 27,693; Oregon, 7,985; West Virginia, 35,574; New Hampshire, 5,000; Massachusetts, 44,552; Pennsylvania, 188,000. And now comes Rhode Island, with a repeal of a prohibitory amendment by 18,596 majority.

IT seems that the highest point at which regular meteorological observations are made is on the Andes, in Peru, at a height of 14,300 feet. Harvard College has a weather observatory in Colorado only a few feet less than the former. The station on Pike's Peak is at an altitude of 14,100 feet. In Europe there are but two stations at any considerable height, these being about 10,000 and 11,000 feet respectively.

OVER four million dollars were contributed in all to the Johnstown sufferers. Of this amount New York and Philadelphia contributed the largest amounts, Pittsburgh came next, and Boston and Chicago followed. Brooklyn, San Francisco, Washington, St. Louis, Cleveland, and Cincinnati were close behind them. The generosity of the American people was never more earnestly appealed to, and no appeal was ever more heartily responded to.

THE United States Fish Commission is perfecting arrangements for a series of exhaustive deep-sea researches. One expedition will endeavor to discover some method to prevent the starfish from destroying the oyster. It is a well-known fact that the stars are increasing as the oyster acreage increases, and something must be done to kill them, or the oyster culture will become precarious. An effort will also be made to find out some simple way in which lobsters may be raised to a considerable size.



YALE TAKING THE LEAD AT THE SECOND-MILE FLAG.



THE WINNING CREW, WITH THE COACHER AND SUBSTITUTES.



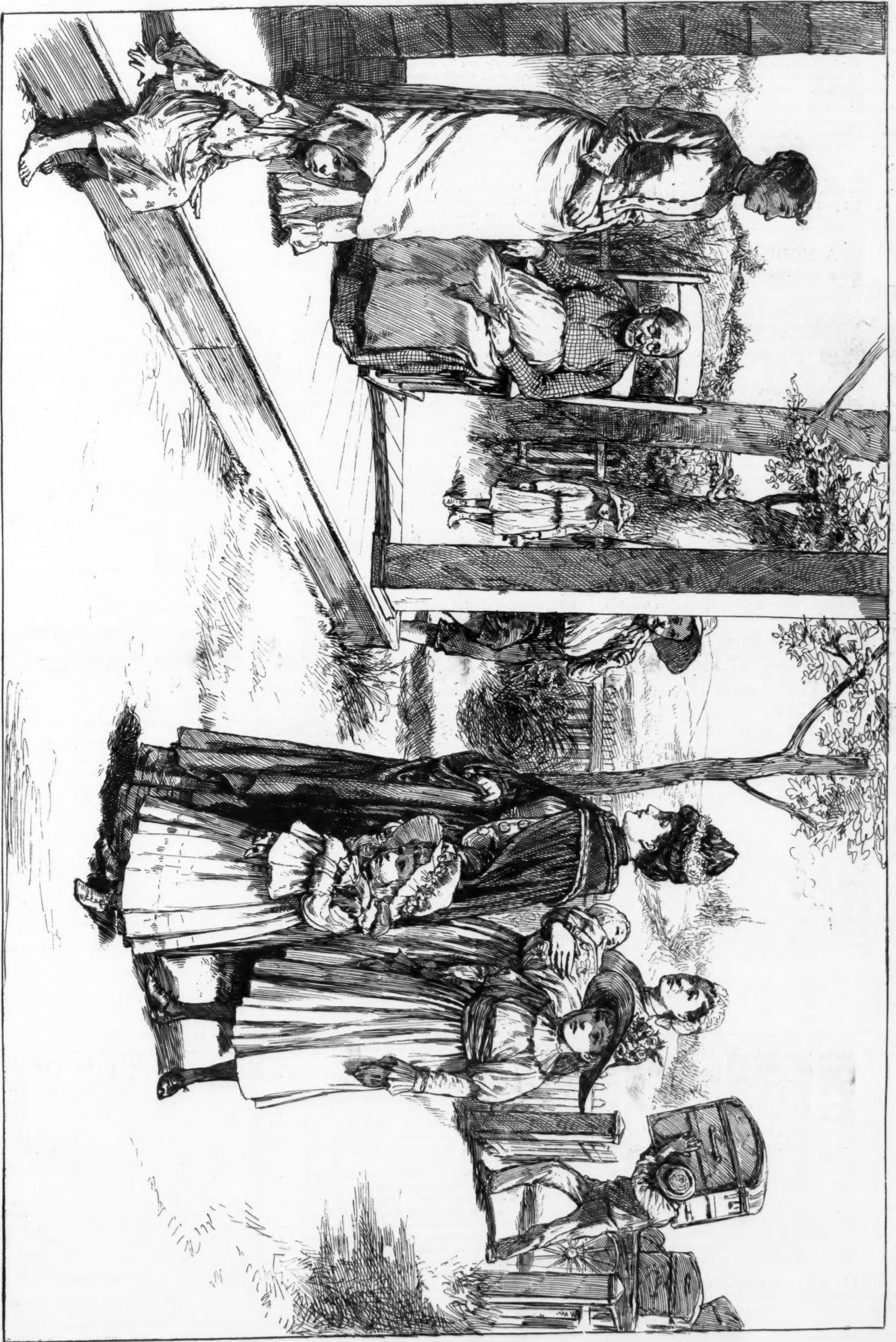
A YALE OBSERVATION-CAR.



WAITING FOR THE RACE IN A NEW LONDON CHURCHYARD.

THE YALE-HARVARD UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE ON THE THAMES COURSE, JUNE 28TH.

FROM SKETCHES BY J. DURKIN.—[SEE PAGE 392.]



ARRIVAL OF CITY BOARDERS AT A COUNTRY FARM-HOUSE—A MUTUAL INSPECTION.—[See Page 392.]

DER PRAN NEW BABY.

Do you saw our pran new baby dot come der oder night.
Der leedle feller mit der eyes so plue?
He's der cudesd, sassy raskell dot vos anyveres around—
You kin bed on dot, und I'm his farder, doo.

His foot vas like a sassidge, he vas so awful fat,
Und ven he shmlies he shuds ub boid his eyes.
I loaf him like der dickens, und I kiss him ven he laughs;
Bud, Griedmas! I cood kick him ven he gries.

Ve vas going to call him Jakey, cause dot vas my farder's name;
Bud my vife dinks for a baby dot's doo old.
Her farder's name vas Beder—shaw! I voodn'd call him dot.
So vat his name vill peen ve don'd kin doid.

Ve dink ve'll name him noding for a leedle vile, brehaps;
Bud ve'll lay a lod of names ubon a shelf.
Maype der leedle shnoozer, ven he's big enuff to walk,
Vill had good sense to bick von oud himself.

OOFY GOOFT.

A MODERN ROMEO.

BY LUCY BLAKE.

THE hall at the Villa Borghese was over, and Philip Leighton, one of the guests who felt the evening well spent, was going leisurely homeward on foot. It was a clear, moonlight night in the bonny month of May, and such a night in Florence, with its violet sky sown with golden stars, is a blessing not to be wasted under the roof of a cab.

Jack Templeton's sister dances like a fairy, and keeps a fellow amused; Faye Norton is so deucedly pretty one forgets and forgives her silly speeches. What hair she has! Upon my soul, I believe I'm in love with them both!

Thus musing, the young man crossed the Piazza del Duomo and turned into the sleepy Via Ricassoli, which seemed quiet as the aisle of an empty church. Presently, out of the shadow, Philip saw two women approaching, both evidently frightened at finding themselves alone in the street at so late an hour. At seeing the young man they stopped, hesitated, and then advanced again, apparently reassured by a glimpse of his honest, comely face, revealed in the moonlight.

"A thousand pardons, signore," began a sweet voice in Italian, "but I and my maid are not able to open our door; possibly your stronger hand might make it yield."

The house indicated was a grim old palace, many stories high, built of heavy blocks of stone, like a prison. Statues looked down from many a niche and the lower windows were guarded with the "knelling" gratings invented by Michel-Angelo.

Philip threw himself upon the heavy wrought-iron fastenings of the door, but they refused to give way even under his vigorous shaking.

"The door closes with a latch inside; a sharp blow will sometimes open it without the key, which Giacinta has unluckily lost. There is no one inside the house to come to our rescue; we are really in a very awkward plight."

The white-lace *fichu* had fallen back over the shoulders of the gentle-voiced stranger, and Philip saw that she was exquisitely pretty, with the pensive, dark eyes of her race, and a tender, sensitive mouth. Her lips quivered, and there was a hint of tears in the liquid eyes.

This was too much for Philip, who, instead of acknowledging himself baffled by the door and resuming his homeward route, vowed within himself to see these fair dames safe under the shelter of their own roof, or perish in the attempt. Poor old Giacinta was not, strictly speaking, fair, but the *aureola* of beauty emanating from her young mistress seemed, to Philip, to encompass the faithful attendant with its benign influence.

Across the street was a ladder leaning against a house in process of repair, at sight of which Philip's look of perplexity vanished.

"Does the open window in the second story lead to the signora's rooms?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes; those are our rooms. The rest of the house is unoccupied, or we could hope to wake up somebody to let us in."

"If it is not too audacious a proposition," continued Philip, "I will climb up to your balcony, Romeo fashion, with that ladder, descend the stairs, and open your refractory door from the inside."

"The same thought had occurred to me, but I did not like to express it. It is a dangerous height, you might fall, and it is an unreasonable service to ask of a stranger."

"Pray do not think of any inconvenience it might be to me; your confidence is quite reward enough. May I make the attempt?"

"I should be only too thankful."

"I have plenty of wax matches in my pocket. Am I likely to find any obstacles to my progress between the window and the hall-door?"

"No; you have only to cross one large room and an ante-room before finding yourself at the stairs."

With surprising dispatch Philip tilted the swaying ladder into place beneath the balcony of the old *palazzo*, and began the ascent.

"I beg of you, sir, be careful!" said the girl, lightly touching his arm for a moment with her slender white hand.

Philip looked down into her face with one brief, soulful glance that seemed to say, "For you I would risk my life gladly."

"May the Holy Madonna and all the saints protect the noble signorino!" Giacinta exclaimed, as she steadied the ladder with her sturdy shoulder. The ladder was a little short, and where it stopped there was need for a clear head and iron wrist to avoid accident.

Inspired by those caressing eyes following him so intently, Philip mastered the difficulties and gained the ledge of the window without more serious mishaps than a cut on his wrist.

"What will Uncle Gino think of this adventure, Giacinta?" said the young lady, as their knight-errant disappeared within the window.

"He ought to be thankful we were not obliged to finish the night in the street."

"It is indiscreet and imprudent, doubtless, to allow a perfect stranger to enter our rooms alone, but I'm sure he is a gentleman whom we can trust. Do you not agree with me, Giacinta?"

"There couldn't be a dishonest soul behind a face like that, signorina mia. Trust an old woman's eyes for telling good from bad. He looks like the blessed San Michele at Santa Maria Novella."

Giacinta's rhapsody was interrupted by a burst of drunken laughter coming round a near corner. To escape a band of midnight revelers, the two women shrank into the shelter of a gateway.

"A queerish sort of an errand for a fellow to be bound on," thought Philip, as he scrambled over the balcony, "dropping himself through the dark maw of a window into what may be the bottomless pit, or a den of thieves, for aught he knows. More likely to be a stronghold of spooks, from the general aspect of things. My stars! what's that?"

Swinging himself cautiously into the room, he had lit upon a sleeping cat, which promptly punished his intrusion by plunging a vigorous set of claws through the young man's silk stocking.

"Her pet, I suppose." And instead of giving the cat the vicious kick his evil nature dictated, Philip stroked its silken coat till a cozy purring responded to his touch. By the light of his wax matches he saw that his wrist was bleeding from the cut, and he pulled out his handkerchief and hastily bound up the wound before proceeding farther. His card-case slipped out of his pocket with the handkerchief and fell unnoticed to the floor.

Philip found himself in a very large and handsome room with the rich painting and gilding of the De Medicis period. All was tarnished and worn now; the once elegant furniture was dropping to pieces, and the hangings were faded and torn. A chair lay overturned, and the drawers of a tortoise-shell cabinet were pulled out and their contents strewn carelessly about, as if one had made a rapid search for something regardless of order.

Philip would have gladly taken a more lingering look at the old portraits peering down at him from the walls, some of them with dark, searching eyes so like those of his lovely *protégée*, but a feeling of delicacy prompted him to make his way through her rooms as quickly as possible.

He hastened down the stairs, lifted the latch, and admitted the two women, more agitated than ever owing to the disturbance caused by the drunken men.

"I can never sufficiently express my thanks, signore," said the young girl, holding out her hand. "You have spared us more annoyance than you can realize."

Giacinta covered Philip's hand with kisses, and swore she would burn a thick taper for him the next day at Santa Maria Novella.

"May I not know the name of our benefactor?" the lady continued.

Philip, overjoyed at what seemed the overture to a more intimate acquaintance, searched in his pocket for his card-case, but, to his perplexity and annoyance, failed to find it.

"Might I have the pleasure of calling to-morrow to bring t' card I seem stupidly to have mislaid?" he asked, with some hesitation.

"I certainly wish to know to whom we are indebted for so great a service. My friend, Madame de Carolat, is coming to tea to-morrow at four. Will you come then? But I must introduce myself. I am the Contessa Roselli. Now, as it is so shockingly late, I must bid you good-night. Thank you a thousand times, and do not disappoint us to-morrow."

"Not for anything under heaven," Philip murmured, half audibly, as the heavy door shut away from him the gaze of the girl's star-like eyes.

There was now no more perplexity in the young man's mind as to whether he preferred Jack Templeton's sister to Faye Norton. He had forgotten them both, and had no thought in his heart save for the lovely Italian.

Like culprits the two belated women stole up the stairs to their rooms. Giacinta lighted the old Roman lamp, and by its soft, steady flame of olive-oil the familiar old portraits looked down as if welcoming them home.

"Why, Giacinta! what does this mean? My desk wide open, and all the papers scattered about. Oh, madonna mia! the money from the Libro Aperto vineyard was there—fifteen hundred francs!" The young girl flew to the desk and plunged her hand into a drawer at the side. "Gone! Giacinta, we are robbed!" and she buried her face despairingly in the cushions of the nearest sofa.

"The Holy Mother grant you are mistaken, carina!"

"I am not mistaken, alas! In that drawer I put the money while Paolo waited for the receipt. I remember doing so with painful distinctness. Paolo sat there on the blue ottoman. I let him sit down because of his lame foot. He went quietly away after getting his receipt, and I locked the money in the drawer as usual."

Giacinta fumbled wildly about among the papers, but all to no avail. The money was certainly gone.

"And he with a face like the blessed San Michele," she moaned.

"No, no; you are mistaken, amica mia!" cried the contessa, reading the suspicion in the old woman's eyes. "I would as soon accuse you of robbing me, you faithful old granny. Our rooms must have been entered earlier in the evening. The window was open, and the ladder conveniently near. Many rough men were abroad to-night, owing to the *fiesta* at Cajano. No, you need not lose faith in our San Michele, as you call him. Something impels me to trust to the honesty of that young stranger who helped us, as I would trust my brother Ugo in heaven."

"The Madonna herself put that trust in your pure heart, bambina mia, and I, too, have faith in the young signorino; but, ah, me! it's hard losing all that money!"

The worst will be telling Uncle Gino. He will be furious. What a night of misfortune this has been!"

And yet, in spite of the great loss she had sustained, Countess Natalia Roselli, as she drifted into dreamland for a few hours, felt that this special night had been fraught with a new, rare happiness for her.

She awakened to a stormy, painful scene. Ill news travels quickly. Gerino Roselli, Natalia's uncle, had heard of the robbery, and had come for full particulars.

"What is this wild story of Giacinta's?" he began, angrily. "You have had the colossal folly to let a street-vagrant loose in your rooms. Of course he improved his opportunity and took your money."

"Uncle, I'm fully convinced the money was stolen before this gentleman came to our assistance. The window was open; the ladder carelessly left near by the workmen. Paolo saw me put the money in the desk; possibly he succumbed to the temptation."

"What preposterous nonsense! You would throw suspicion on an honest *contadino*, who grew old in your father's service, to screen a well-dressed, soft-spoken blackleg! Who is this fine gentleman, pray? Where does he live? Of course, if he is honorable he has told you all this?"

"He wished to give me his card, but had none with him; he is coming this afternoon to present himself in due form."

"A likely story! And you, you confiding innocent, do you realize that the loss of this money leaves you with next to nothing to live upon till the Rovezzano rents are due? What do you mean to do?"

"Certainly not ask charity from you, Uncle Gino. Giacinta and I have already learned what sharp poverty means, and we can bear this misfortune as we have borne others." A proud fire burned in the young contessa's eyes as she spoke.

"What's this?" said Roselli, as he turned on his heel to leave the room. His foot had struck against a small object lying on the floor in the shadow of a table. It was Philip's card-case. Roselli opened it and read on the first card, "Mr. Philip Leighton, Via Palestro, No. 23." "This is probably the name of your gallant rescuer," Roselli added, sarcastically. "Rather a suspicious circumstance to find his card-case lying so near the plundered desk."

"I will keep it for him till he comes," said Natalia, holding out her hand with quiet dignity.

"By all means, my dear, keep it till he comes. I hope your confiding patience will not be put to too severe a strain."

Roselli took one long, searching look at the card, and resigned the pretty leather toy to his niece's keeping.

For Philip, also, there was a rude awakening that morning. A furious Italian gentleman demanded to see him; asked an account of the last night's proceedings, and accused him of stealing fifteen hundred francs from the Countess Roselli. A policeman and cab were at the door, and before he fairly realized what was occurring, the bewildered Philip found himself lodged in a cell at the Bargello. A sad contrast to his dreams of imbibing draughts of tea and enchantment with his fair *inamorata*. He had no friends in Florence of whom he cared to borrow money, and he was not in funds to bail himself out to keep his appointment for four o'clock.

Count Roselli kept his own counsel as to the summary measures he had taken, and withdrew for a few days to his *podere* at Feltro.

As the day wore away with no signs of Philip, Natalia said to her hand-maiden:

"Giacinta, I'm haunted with the fear that Uncle Gino has done something desperate about this miserable money. I wish you would go to the Via Palestro and ask for Mr. Leighton."

Giacinta went, and returned in floods of tears. Mr. Leighton had been arrested that morning. The *padrona* said he was such a nice, open-handed gentleman; there must be some monstrous mistake about it all.

Natalia seized pen and paper, and sent Giacinta to the Bargello with a tear-stained note declaring her belief in his, Philip's, entire innocence, and her shame at her uncle's conduct.

Philip, in durance vile, poured out as much of his soul as the back of an old play-bill would hold, in reply.

Thus these two lovers—for the cruelty of the tyrant uncle had roused in both young hearts this consuming passion—were made to suffer, each for the distress of the other, in hopeless uncertainty.

The third day of Philip's bondage, a young woman, with a handkerchief bound over one eye, presented herself at the Palazzo Roselli and asked for the young contessa.

"They tell me a young English signorino is in prison for stealing the contessa's money," she began. "Perhaps they will let him free if I tell what I saw on Thursday night when the money was taken."

"What did you see? Tell me everything!" cried Natalia, eagerly.

"I'm chambermaid in the house across the street. A bad headache was on me on Thursday night; I couldn't sleep, and came to the window for fresh air. I saw two men prop a ladder against your window. One man was a big, brawny, evil-looking fellow; the other was lame."

"This lame man, was he old or young?"

"Old, signorina, with one shoulder higher than the other."

"Paolo!" said Natalia, under her breath; "my intuition was right. Go on—what happened then?"

"The big man began climbing the ladder. I thought it all looked suspicious, and I slipped out of my room to give an alarm. It was dark as pitch in the corridor, and I fell down-stairs, giving my head a furious blow on the stone stairs. I was wild and wandering-like till yesterday, because of this wound on my head. To-day I remember everything, and thought it right to tell the signorina contessa. May the Madonna strike me dead if what I say is not true."

With all possible haste Natalia dispatched a man of the law to Libro Aperto, to question Paolo, the farm-servant. Paolo was accused of the theft, frightened into a full confession of his guilt, and the greater portion of the money was recovered.

Philip, upon his release from prison, learned from Italian friends the history of the Roselli family.

The young contessa was considered little less than an angel by those who knew her well.

"Poor child!" continued Philip's informant, "she hasn't a friend or protector on earth but that faithful old nurse, Giacinta. Her uncle is a hard, cruel man, and the rest of the family are all gone. There is barely enough money left to keep this young contessa, the last of a long and noble line, from actual want. The big *palazzo* has the name of being haunted, and they can't get a tenant for any of the scores of rooms. I wish some prince

would fall in love with the contessina and give her the surroundings she deserves."

"I wonder if a poor artist would do instead," thought Philip, as he betook himself to the Palazzo Roselli.

A week later the poor artist, poorer in his own estimation than in reality, offered himself heart and soul to his beautiful patrician mistress.

"My darling Romeo, I could not live without you," was her shy response to his pleading.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

A REFLECTION OF MILLINERY, SHOES, AND GLOVES.

THE pretty maid who said that "it is a great deal more difficult to select a becoming hat than to decide upon a husband, because, unfortunately, in the latter case we girls don't have so many to choose from," fully realized the embarrassment of riches as regards hats and bonnets. It is simply harrowing in



YOUNG LADY'S SUMMER HAT.

a fearful degree when one is confronted by such a variety. Just think of it! And not so many decades ago, either, a lady of fashion had but one "best" bonnet, which she wore upon all occasions and with all gowns, while nowadays you must have a different hat for each costume to be correct in your taste. Fortunately, more than two-thirds of the ladies of New York make their own bonnets and hats; for if one has a modicum of good taste she can't go far astray, and it requires a rather deep purse to own more than one hat which has developed in the professional milliner's hands.

What could be more charming than the revival of old-fashioned flowers for the decoration of head-gear? King-cups and leopard-lilies, wall-flowers and meadow-saffron, all imitating nature so closely that one could almost expect the bees to alight upon them, as the robins of old pecked at the cherries on the canvas of Zeuxis. Some imported hats have the frame-work covered with moss, and we need not be surprised if French ingenuity reaches the point where we shall discover ferns and fungi literally growing in the moss, and birds nesting in the apple-boughs on next summer's hats.

The large, broad-brim leghorn hat, lying limp on the counter and most unpromising to contemplate, is the one which, with good taste and skillful fingers, develops into a thing of beauty for country wear, although now and then you will meet a young woman brave enough to be seen on the street in town bearing such a head-covering. First, the edge of the brim should be wired, and then a closely shirred facing of crêpe, net, mull, or colored lace added. The brim is then bent in here and there, in a manner most becoming to the face and features, and when not heaped with feathers or billows of lace, the crown is decorated with flowers of any kind, from soft crushed roses to "spikes of azure bloom."

The halo hat, set back on the head, is now rarely seen, while nearly all the models have an advancing, open brim in front. New York ladies are reluctant to adopt the flat, low-crowned hats, with broad, outstretching front brims, so largely favored in Paris, which are a much greater protection to the face than their pretentious high-crowned predecessors. Frequently they are as flat as a platter, narrow at the back, and tied on with inch-wide velvet strings. Flower turbans and toques are enjoying great favor among young ladies, sharing the honors with the broad brims; and tiny capotes of gold straw, cobweb lace, and fine French flowers are what the sneering man calls "a jeweled mass of millinery."

Many large hats have no crown at all, and one need not despair if they have an expensive high-crowned hat kept over from last season and still in fair condition. All one need do is to cut off the upper half of the crown, place two braces of wire across from front to back and side to side, which are easily concealed by full loops of ribbon and feathers or flowers; change the form of the brim somewhat, and there you have a hat à la mode.

The Empire veil has almost entirely disappeared, and yet it would seem most appropriate for summer wear, being such a perfect protection from insects and so convenient when hiving bees. It has found a substitute, which likewise will not be very long-lived, in a lace flounce which falls from the edge of the brim of the hat, or is drawn in round the crown and covers the

brim before falling from it. This style is thoroughly Spanish in its character, as indicated from the name of the hat. It is called the "Gitana." The demand for seaside hats which are not perishable has been met by the revival, after a banishment of over twenty years, of shirred hats of mull, both in cotton and silk, and in all colors. These are made in prevailing shapes, and have for garniture either loops of the material itself or clusters of snow-balls and hydrangea, both white and tinted. The sailor shape is most easily covered, the frame-work being of silk woven wire, the same shade as the mull, which is drawn over the shape with even fullness, and a generous bow is placed at one side. A graceful and becoming hat for a young lady is shown in the illustration at the top of this column. It is a French shape called the "Nichette," and is made of black open straw, with the under side of the brim faced with black tulle. The garniture comprises lilies-of-the-valley, in a half-wreath encircling the front, and an aigrette of leaves. At the base of the crown is a knot of black velours ribbon.

As everything must be complete in costume elegance, new fancies in shoes and slippers multiply as if controlled by *genii*. Low-cut shoes or Oxford ties are most fashionable for summer wear, and the newest shapes are finished off at the point of the toe with a small cap of patent or contrasting leather pinked out on one edge. Other half-high shoes are made in an English leather called "diamond hide," a specialty which is equal in appearance to patent leather, but is cool and will not draw the feet. The yellow pig-skin shoes are very popular, and though strictly intended for country wear, are frequently seen upon the street. Some of them are made quite attractive by patent-leather trimmings and large bows tied upon the instep.

Biarritz gloves are much worn ordinarily, as they are durable, and are drawn over the hand without any opening at the wrist. They are made in dark shades with white silk seams and points. Pure silk gloves are cool, but expensive and not very serviceable. An English variety, however, have the fingers tipped with Suede kid, which makes them last longer. Evening gloves are in white and pale tints, and Suede dinner mitts, which cover the arms, are in white, cream, black, ficelle, and all the tan or boreal shades. Having no fingers, they permit of as lavish a display of jeweled rings as one could wish to see.

ELLA STARR.

A SERIOUS RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

WE give on page 392 an illustration of the accident to the Boston limited express train which occurred on the consolidated road four miles from New Haven on the 29th ult., and by which three persons were killed and several badly injured. The accident was caused by the spreading of the rails where a gang of trackmen were at work relaying the track. The engine passed over all right, but they spread under the baggage-car, which left the track, broke loose from the engine, and turning over on its side, dragged the remaining eight coaches after it. Nearest the baggage-car was a drawing-room car. The end of this car next to the baggage-car was smashed into kindling-wood, and the dining-car just behind was badly wrecked also, but these cars and the others behind remained in an upright position.

Every seat in the train was occupied, and several passengers were standing in the aisles. The passengers in the dining-room car and the seven passenger-coaches escaped with slight bruises, but those in the drawing-room car were less fortunate. Seated in the centre of this car was Miss Mary A. Brigham, of Brooklyn, who was recently elected President of Mount Holyoke Seminary. Her head was caught by the side of the car and crushed, causing instant death. She was on her way to her home. A baggage-man sitting near her was killed, as was also a man seated in the baggage-car.

Miss Brigham had been a most successful teacher, and was a woman of rare tact and sweetness of nature. She was a native of Westboro, Mass., and was graduated at South Hadley in 1848; and after teaching at other points, went to Brooklyn Heights Seminary in 1863. Her career there was remarkably successful, and she gained a great hold on the people of Brooklyn, so much so that when she was called to Mount Holyoke the leading men and women of the city protested against her leaving. She had, however, always been interested in the school founded by Mary Lyon, and finally accepted the invitation of her *alma mater*. The recent exercises at Mount Holyoke were made especially interesting by this fact, and her death is a great blow to the institution. Few women of the country were more widely known and respected.

To our esteemed contemporaries, the "funny papers" of America: The "Ladies Natural Gas Co." has been organized at Bradenbury, Ky., to bore for natural gas—now for the best joke on the subject.—*Manufacturers' Record*.

Why "ladies" now would bore for "natural gas,"

When each one has so much of it in store,

Is hard to comprehend—so let it pass,

And deem the project, ay, indeed, a bore:

Since they have but to ope their mouths to show

True natural gas with an artesian flow! W. M. P.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JUNE 24TH.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Cornelius Woglom, a veteran police captain, aged 74; in Newport, Roland Greene Michell, a prominent business man, and formerly an active anti-slavery agitator in Ohio, aged 78. JUNE 25TH.—In Tarrytown, N. Y., Francis S. Saltus, journalist, aged 40; in Syracuse, N. Y., John Crouse, a millionaire merchant, and benefactor of the Syracuse University, aged 87; in Malden, Mass., George Loring Brown, a noted landscape painter, aged 75; in Washington, Chief-engineer William H. Hunt, United States Navy (retired), aged 57; in New York City, James B. Sheridan, stenographer of the Supreme Court, and a former journalist, aged 54. JUNE 26TH.—In Richmond, Va., Colonel Sherwin McKee, formerly a prominent lawyer, compiler of the State records, and of late years connected with the State library, aged 84 years; in New York City, William Henry Woods, well known in Wall Street mining and railroad circles, aged 48; in Alexandria, Va., Rev. George A. Smith, one of the oldest Protestant Episcopal ministers in the State, aged 86. JUNE 27TH.—In St. Joseph, Mo., Colonel A. M. Saxton, a millionaire banker, aged 88. JUNE 28TH.—In New York, John Reed, late Acting Assistant Paymaster United States Navy, aged 47. JUNE 29TH.—In New York City, Abram Wakeman, one of the active contemporaries of Thurlow Weed, William H. Seward, Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond, and Preston King in the organization of the old Republican party, aged 65 years; at Glenbrook, Conn., Isaac N. Waterbury, one of the old-time ship-builders of the country, aged 73; in Baltimore, Md., Dr. Joseph Lloyd Martin, one of the leading homeopaths of the Union, aged 69; in Washington, D. C., Mrs. C. F. Temple, wife of Admiral Temple, United States Navy. JULY 1ST.—In Newport, Maltby G. Lane, the well-known capitalist, aged 75.

PERSONAL.

THE Sultan of Turkey has contributed \$1,000 to the Johnstown relief fund.

THE Shah of Persia reached London on the 1st inst., and was welcomed by an immense concourse of people.

THE pension of General Boulanger has been stopped, and he will bring suit against the French Government to compel its payment.

MR. GLADSTONE, in a published article, opposes the idea that want of respect for the Union is criminal or immoral on the part of Irishmen.

THE degree of Doctor of Laws has been conferred by Harvard College upon Edward J. Phelps, our late Minister to England, and Francis Parkman, the historian.

MR. LINCOLN, our new Minister, grows in popularity in London, where he is the recipient of constant courtesies—the last being a dinner by the Inner Temple Benchers.

THE Philadelphia *Record* says that Senator Don Cameron will not be a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate next year, and with the end of his present term he will retire from politics.

MARTIN IRONS, who at the time of the strike on the Gould lines, some years ago, was too arrogant to grant General Manager Hoxie an interview, now earns a scanty living from a little fruit-stand in St. Louis.

NEWPORT, after this season, will lose one of its prominent summer residents, and Washington one of its winter residents: Colonel Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte goes to France in the autumn, to remain several years, for the education of his children.

THE venerable Theodore Dwight Woolsey, for twenty-five years President of Yale College, and for seventeen years a tutor and professor therein, died at New Haven on the 1st inst., aged eighty-eight years. Among modern educators he ranked first and foremost.

THE President has appointed William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Germany; Frederick Douglass to be Minister-resident and Consul-general of the United States at Hayti; and Captain Meredith, of Chicago, to be Chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

MR. ERNEST H. CROSBY, of New York, has been nominated as the American representative upon the International Court of Original Jurisdiction at Alexandria, Egypt. This appointment is made and the salary paid by the Egyptian Government, upon the nomination of the treaty nations entitled to representation upon the court.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, has been affianced to Princess Victoria of Prussia, a sister of the Emperor of Germany; and Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales, is betrothed to the Earl of Fife, an Irish nobleman who was raised to the English peerage on Mr. Gladstone's nomination in 1885.

THE widow of the late Charles J. Osborne, the well-known New York broker, has given a granite and brown-stone recitation building to Yale University. The building is erected to Mr. Osborne's memory, and a tablet within the entrance of the building will so state. The building will cost \$125,000, and will be completed by the opening of the fall term.

MISS C. W. BRUCE, of New York, has given \$50,000 to the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College, to be devoted to a photographic telescope having an objective of twenty-four inches aperture, with a focal length of eleven feet. The gift contemplates provision for using the telescope in some climate more favorable for photographing the skies than the eastern part of the United States.

CHANCELLOR GIBSON of the Knox County (Tenn.) Chancery Court has decided in the case of one Lawrence, a colored member of the Knoxville Board of Education, against three white members who refused to recognize him, that Lawrence was legally elected, and under the laws of the United States and the State of Tennessee was entitled to the same rights enjoyed by the white citizens. "In a word," said the Chancellor, "our laws are now blind to the color of a man's skin."

GEORGIA newspapers not only announce that Senator Joseph E. Brown's illness is a hopeless one, but go so far as to discuss his probable successor—Governor Gordon. Senator Brown was war Governor of Georgia, but opposed Jefferson Davis in certain important directions, and after the surrender advocated prompt acquiescence, increasing his unpopularity on that account by voting for General Grant; but he was re-elected to the Senate for his present term by the unanimous vote of the Legislature, with the exception of a single vote cast for Robert Toombs.

OLD John Hanks, the boyhood friend and distant relative of Abraham Lincoln, died at his farm, near Decatur, Ill., on the 1st inst., aged eighty-eight years. It was on this farm, and while in the employ of Hanks, that Lincoln became noted as a rail-splitter, and it was old John Hanks who, in 1860, introduced the rail-splitting feature into the excitement of the Lincoln campaign, furnishing rails from his farm split by Lincoln. In that campaign, Hanks, heretofore a strong Democrat, spent nearly \$17,000 in behalf of Lincoln's election, and gave a barbecue at his farm, at which he fed 3,000 people at his own expense.

A WHITE man who declares himself to be Jesus Christ is creating a great sensation among the colored people in South Carolina. Many of them have abandoned their homes and all their belongings to follow the pretender. He gives the name of Campbell, and dresses shabbily sometimes, and at all times poorly. He refuses money publicly, but is said to have money. His familiarity with the Scriptures is exceptional. He has told the people that he will go back to heaven in a chariot of fire at an early date. He shows scars in his hands which he says were made by nails when he was crucified on Calvary. His hair and beard are long and shaggy, although he evidently endeavors to trim his beard as the Saviour's is represented in pictures.

YALE'S FOURTH VICTORY.

FOR the fourth successive season the Yale crew won a victory over the Harvard rowers on Friday, June 28th, 1889. The Yale boys were determined to win and sought the favor of quiet water, and they were therefore delighted when the referee announced in the morning, though the Thames was only a little lumpy, that the race had been postponed until the evening, because the course was not in condition. The enormous crowd in waiting, comprising ladies as well as gentlemen, did not like this decision of the referee, but they had to accept the situation. The start was made at 7:20 in the evening, with the water perfectly still, the Yale men in splendid form, and the Harvard crew evidently doubtful of the result. The course was reversed—the race was rowed up the river, with the finish in the dark, and this detracted very much from the interest in the contest. Up to the mile-point the crews rowed side by side, but after that had been passed, the "Bob Cook" stroke, regular as the movements of a clock, began to tell, and the Yale men won, pulling easily and steadily. Harvard was undoubtedly a very fast short-distance crew, and a four-mile crew of average speed, but she was driven so hard for the first mile that she could not recover, and rowed a much slower race than she was capable of rowing if she had been allowed to choose her own method of conducting the race. Physically, there was little choice between the crews.

While much credit has been given to Bob Cook for his training of the Yale crew, it should not be forgotten that a great deal is due also to Cauldwell, the Yale stroke. He has had a phenomenal career. He "stroked" his class crew to victory for three years, and, we believe, never lost a race. The time, officially reported, was as follows: First mile and a half, Yale, 7:15; Harvard, 7:19. Two and a half miles, Yale, 13:01; Harvard, 13:20. Three miles, Yale, 15:37; Harvard, 15:57. Four miles and finish, Yale, 21:30; Harvard, 21:55. The greeting that the victorious crew received when it crossed the line cannot be described, and the rejoicings in New Haven were almost delirious, everybody apparently participating in the demonstrations. It has been suggested that the Harvard crew is placed at a disadvantage by reason of the changes it makes annually in its stroke, and that if it would go to Oxford or Cambridge and imitate one of the English styles, and put it in practice from year to year, it would stand a better chance of winning and make a decidedly more interesting race. It is about time for Harvard to win a race. Its



NEW YORK.—BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL EMMONS CLARK, FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS COLONEL OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

graduates this summer went patiently through the course of four years, waiting year after year for a Harvard victory, but they never had the supreme delight of seeing one. Perhaps better luck awaits them in '90.

GENERAL EMMONS CLARK.

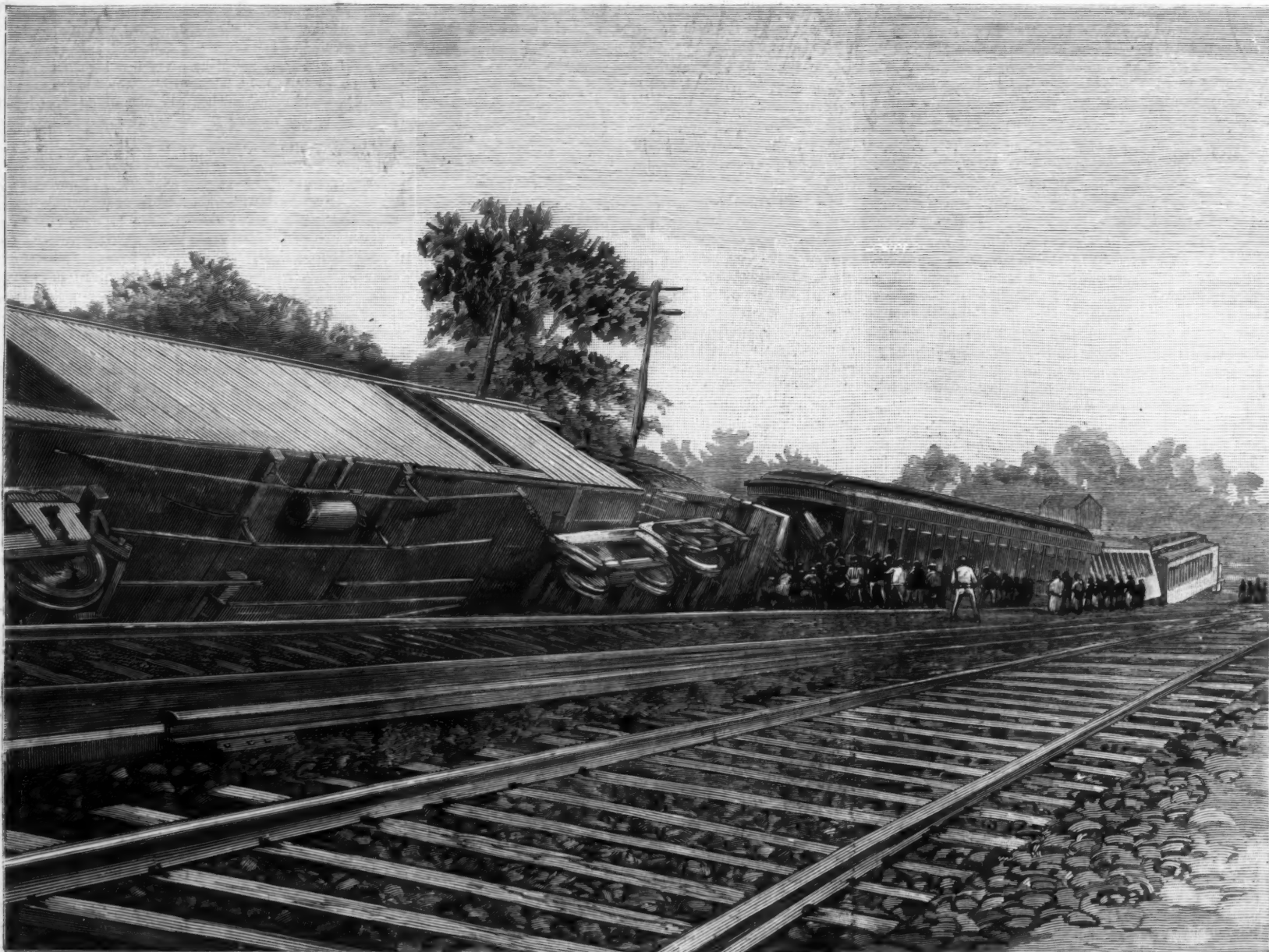
WE have elsewhere referred to the record of Colonel Emmons Clark as commander of the Seventh Regiment.

At the last session of the Legislature a joint resolution was passed, expressing a desire that the commander-in-chief might confer upon Colonel Clark "some additional evidence of the public regard in the shape of a promotion which he has so richly earned." In compliance with the request, Governor Hill visited the recent encampment and personally presented to the colonel a commission as Brevet Brigadier-general in the National Guard of New York, accompanying the presentation, which was made in presence of the regiment and a large concourse of visitors, by an address highly eulogizing the recipient of the distinguished honor.

Colonel Clark's last special order to the Seventh, bidding the command farewell, was as follows: "The commandant bids the officers and members of this regiment an affectionate farewell. For their generous support and unwavering friendship he is profoundly grateful. He hopes and believes that the present prosperity of the regiment will be as lasting as time, and he confidently intrusts to his successor its good name, its fame, and its fortunes. His last words to his comrades of the Seventh are: Be faithful always to the duties of the citizen-soldier, and forever loyal to our gallant regiment."

ARRIVAL OF CITY BOARDERS.

IN these days, when country farm-houses in New England and the Middle States are being invaded by city people in quest of all the delights which are supposed to loiter in rural shades, the picture on page 389 is at once timely and suggestive. The new arrivals approach the threshold with a questioning and somewhat hesitant look, which is admirably reflected by the "lady of the house," who seems to be "taking the measure" of her intending guests, while the children grouped about the door wear that air of shyness which belongs to the seclusion in which they live. Doubtless the diffidence of the moment will presently be overcome, and, as the summer wanes, the newcomers and their hosts will learn to know each other thoroughly and, it may be, satisfactorily. While "boarding in the country" does not always prove as delightful as it is expected to be, it not infrequently realizes the anticipations of those concerned, and sometimes friendships are formed which color and influence happily, for all time, the lives which come into touch "just for the summer."



CONNECTICUT.—THE ACCIDENT ON THE CONSOLIDATED ROAD NEAR NEW HAVEN, JUNE 29TH, BY WHICH THE LIMITED EXPRESS TRAIN WAS WRECKED AND SEVERAL PERSONS KILLED AND WOUNDED.—FROM A PHOTO BY NORTH.—[SEE PAGE 391.]

THE MAJOR JOHN MASON STATUE.

IN 1637 the Pequot Indians, one of the most powerful and courageous, as well as one of the most cruel and vindictive, of the aboriginal nations inhabiting that portion of New England known as the State of Connecticut, made an effort to array all of their red brethren against the 250 white people who had homes along the beautiful river which gave a name to the then colony. Learning of this matter from Uncas, the Mohegan sachem, the General Court of the colony commissioned Captain John Mason, who had lately settled at Windsor, moving there from Massachusetts, as commander of all of the forces of the



OHIO.—JUDGE L. W. BROWN, UNITED STATES CONSUL AT GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.
[SEE PAGE 394.]



INDIANA.—REV. Z. T. SWEENEY, LL.D., UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL TO TURKEY.
PHOTO BY CADWALLADER.—[SEE PAGE 394.]



DR. JOHN M. CRAWFORD, UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL AT ST. PETERSBURG.
PHOTO BY MARCEAU.

"Erected A. D. 1889, by the State of Connecticut, to commemorate the heroic achievements of Major John Mason and his comrades, who near this spot, in 1637, overthrew the Pequot Indians and preserved the settlements from destruction."

The statue was placed in position June 6th, 1889, and the unveiling took place June 26th, Mr. Isaac H. Bromley, formerly of the New York *Tribune's* staff, delivering the oration, and Thomas S. Collier the poem.

DR. JOHN M. CRAWFORD.

DR. JOHN M. CRAWFORD, of Cincinnati, recently appointed Consul-general at St. Petersburg, is forty-two years of age, and was born at Herrick, Pa. In early life he gained his livelihood as a school-teacher, and thereby acquired means to enter a college. After having graduated he went to Cincinnati, where



NEW JERSEY.—WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO GERMANY.
[SEE "TOPICS OF THE WEEK," PAGE 383.]



NEW YORK CITY.—HON. THOMAS L. JAMES.
[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 382.]

colony, and ordered him to take the offensive to save the settlements from devastation.

Captain Mason was a soldier trained in the wars of the Netherlands, and made no delay in his preparations. With ninety men collected from the settlements of Windsor, Hartford, and Wethersfield, he sailed down the Connecticut River in boats, and coasted the shore till he reached that headland now known as Narragansett Point, from which place he struck inland to the point at present called Niantic, Rhode Island. Here he met the Narragansett Indians and formed an alliance with their sachem, who agreed to assist him with 500 men. With these allies he marched on through the wilderness, and reaching the Pequot stronghold in the dim morning light, sprang to the assault, himself leading the way over the stockade. Fortune favored him, for he found his foes sunk in a heavy sleep, and though they were quickly roused and began an obstinate defense, the victory was soon won. The suddenness of the attack and the distraction caused by slumber made the destruction of the Pequots almost annihilation, a work in which his Indian allies, when they saw Mason's success assured, gladly led. From this defeat the Pequots never rallied, and the colony was freed from their troublesome inroads and demands.

To commemorate this first battle fought on Connecticut soil, a monument has been erected on the summit of Pequot Hill, in the form of a bronze figure representing a fighting Puritan of heroic size, mounted on a base of granite on which is a tablet as follows:



CONNECTICUT.—THE MONUMENT TO MAJOR JOHN MASON, ERRECTED ON PEQUOT HILL, NEAR MYSTIC.
FROM A PHOTO.

he was appointed teacher of mathematics and Latin language at the Chickering Institute. At the same time he studied medicine in his leisure hours, and graduated as Doctor of Medicine. He then became a Professor of Physiology and Microscopy at the Cincinnati Homoeopathic College. Dr. Crawford gained a national reputation by his translation of the Finnish *epos*, "Kalevala," into English, his translation having been very favorably commented upon by the press of the whole country. It is understood that while in St. Petersburg he will complete his studies of the Northern languages and literature.

PROFESSOR Z. T. SWEENEY, LL.D.,

UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL TO TURKEY.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has made one appointment which gives universal satisfaction in his own State, to Jackson Democrats as well as Lincoln Republicans—that of Rev. Dr. Z. T. Sweeney, LL.D., Chancellor of the Butler University and editor-in-chief of the *Central Christian*, to be Consul-general to the Turkish Empire. Chancellor Sweeney is the learned author of the book of travels, "Under Ten Flags," so highly spoken of by the religious and secular press.

Zachary T. Sweeney was born February 10th, 1849, at Liberty, Casey County, Ky. He is the youngest of four brothers, all of whom are engaged in the ministry of the Christian Church. His father, G. E. Sweeney, is also a preacher in the Christian Church, as was likewise his grandfather, Job Sweeney. When he was six years of age his father moved to Macoupin County, Ill., and here the son attended the public schools until he was fifteen years of age, when he entered a seminary at Scottsville, Ill., where he laid the foundation for a collegiate education, earning the money necessary for a college course by teaching. After attending Eureka College, Eureka, Ill., for a short time in 1868, he entered Asbury University, Greencastle, Ind., in which institution he remained for three years.

During his college life at Greencastle he preached in Illinois, serving as pastor of the church in Paris for more than a year. In October, 1871, he was called to the pastorate of a church in Columbus, Ind. He is still pastor of this church, although he has in the meantime twice held the pastorate of the church in Augusta, Ga.

Quite recently Butler University conferred on Elder Sweeney the degree of LL.D., and last winter tendered him the Chancellorship of the University, which he accepted. Dr. Sweeney is an eloquent and forcible speaker; as well as a chaste and trenchant writer, is in the prime of a vigorous manhood, physically active and mentally bright, a student not only of books, but of men as well, possessing a mind enlarged by travel and familiarity with the peoples of different nationalities, good executive ability, and of excellent judgment and business tact. The *Columbus Herald*, a straight-up-in-the-stirrups Democratic paper, says of Dr. Sweeney's appointment:

"One of the most creditable appointments made by this Administration was that which appeared on Saturday last—the selection of Elder Z. T. Sweeney, of this place, to be Consul-general to Turkey. If the President had made all his appointments with the same regard for fitness and capability that has characterized this one, there would be none to criticize, and few, even among Democrats, that would not commend his selections."

JUDGE LEVI W. BROWN;

UNITED STATES CONSUL TO GLASGOW.

OUR new Consul to Glasgow, Judge Levi W. Brown, of Ohio, who succeeds Francis H. Underwood, of Boston (whose predecessor was Bret Harte), was born December 21st, 1841, in a log-cabin situated in what is now Fulton County, Ohio, of which county he is still a resident. At eighteen years of age he commenced teaching, at the same time studying law. Meeting with an injury about this time, several years of ill-health followed, and he remained on his father's farm, leaving which, with small capital, he became a merchant and for several years conducted a successful and constantly increasing business. During the latter part of this period he purchased a law library, expecting to make law his profession, but was again compelled to go to the farm, to care for his invalid parents during an illness of long duration. Following his parents' death, while undecided as to his career, he was nominated and elected probate judge of his county, and twice re-elected by large majorities, running several hundred ahead of his ticket. Having served nine years, he declined to be a candidate for the fourth term. In 1886 and 1888 he managed the political campaign in his district, and in both was successful, overcoming by his efforts a large Democratic majority. Judge Brown has been a member of the Republican State Central Committee of Ohio for several years, and was last year a member of the State Executive Committee and chairman of its sub-committee. He is regarded as one of the best party organizers in Ohio, and in his application to the State Department he had the united support of the party leaders of the State, even Democratic editors personally acquainted with him speaking a "good word" in his interest.

CONSULAR APPOINTMENTS.

Among the recent appointments of United States Consuls are the following: William T. Sorsby, of Mississippi, at Guayaquil; Edward C. Goodnow, of Maine, at St. Stephen's, N. B.; Daniel B. Hubbard, of Massachusetts, at Ansbach, Germany; Hugo M. Starkloff, of Missouri, at Bremen; William F. Grinnell, of New York, at Manchester; John A. Tibbits, of Con-

necticut, at Bradford; Robert W. Turner, of Kansas, at Cadiz; M. D. Sampson, of Kansas, at St. John, N. B.; Wallace Bruce, of New York, at Leith; William Harrison Bradley, of Illinois, at Nice; Edmund B. Fairfield, of Michigan, at Lyons; Irving J. Manatt, of Nebraska, at Athens; William Bowman, of Kentucky, at Tien-Tsin; Adolph G. Studer, of Iowa, at Barmen; Enoch J. Smithers, of Delaware, at Osaka and Hiogo; Alexander C. Moore, of West Virginia, at St. Thomas; Charles F. Johnson, of Ohio, at Hamburg; Silas C. Halsey, of New Jersey, at Sonneberg.

A. Loudon Snowden, of Pennsylvania, has been appointed Minister to Roumania, Servia, and Greece; William Hayden Edwards, of Ohio, Consul-general at Berlin; Augustus O. Bourn, of Rhode Island, Consul-general at Rome; Eugene Schuyler, of New York, Consul-general at Cairo.

FLORENCE, ALA.

THE great point of interest to which capital and labor are directed at the present time is Florence, situated in the northern part of Alabama on the Tennessee River. Recent developments have shown that Nature has been so lavish in her gifts to Florence and its environs that the combined advantages will make her, in the very near future, outrank all the cities of the South as a manufacturing and commercial city, and a very successful rival of the most important ones of the North.

In the heart of the mineral region, with inexhaustible supplies of brown hematite iron-ore, limestone, and coal, the successful manufacture of iron is assured, and the best experts in iron-making say that by the Bessemer process this ore can be converted into steel at a cost of \$3 less than steel can be made at any furnace in the Ohio Valley. The proximity of Florence to other ores not found in other localities gives it an unequalled advantage for the production of cheap iron. The coal fields of Alabama, covering an area of 1,000 square miles, are within easy reach of Florence; a description of their quality, vast extent, and their immense wealth would seem incredible. North of Florence lie miles of unbroken forest containing matchless timber, which, penetrated by the railroads, are easy of access by land and also water, and available for the manufacture of all articles of which wood is a part. Immense forests of chestnut and oak in the mountain counties will furnish the tanner with unlimited supply of bark. Quarries of beautiful marble are found close to the railroad, and building-stone, limestone, and sandstone all over the county; also, fine clays of many varieties for building-brick, fire-brick, tiling, pottery, etc.

Florence is not only in the centre of a great cotton country, but is the nearest manufacturing town to the great cotton market of Memphis, which lies west of it 145 miles, and with which she is connected by lines of railroad and by the great water highway of the Tennessee, Ohio, and Mississippi Rivers. The Tennessee River not only affords an abundant and inexhaustible supply of water for manufacturing purposes, but also affords the cheapest transportation both for the raw material and the finished production.

Farming-lands in the vicinity of Florence are offered at an extremely low rate. From \$5 to \$20 per acre are asked for the most productive lands.

Springs of water and clear creeks with gravel bottom are on almost every farm. Excellent grazing can also be found nine months out of the year. The city is 150 feet above high water on a gently rolling plateau, sloping toward the river, the Hudson of the South. The drainage is excellent, the atmosphere pure and salubrious, and springs of pure water on every side. There is no more healthful spot in the land, as the health statistics will show. The city and county have no debt, consequently the rate of taxation is very low. By recent enactment of the Alabama Legislature, all manufacturing enterprises in Florence are exempt from taxation for a period of ten years. The educational facilities are excellent; there are churches of all denominations and a society choice and well established.

It is no new city, but it has, so to speak, been born again, its new birth dating from the early part of 1887. Since that time, two years, its population has quadrupled, increasing from 1,500 to over 6,000. Twenty-eight different enterprises and industries, representing \$10,000,000, have been actually established, and within the last six months many other large and important companies have organized.

Florence is already quite a large railroad centre. It is only twenty-one hours' ride from Chicago, being 135 miles south-west of Nashville and 40 miles west from Decatur.

For information regarding lands, investments, etc., address Southern Emigration Company, J. G. Middleton, General Agent, Florence, Ala.

For information regarding rates and how to get to Florence, address William Hill, General Passenger Agent, C. & E. I. R. R. Chicago, Ill.

VALUABLE TESTIMONY.

Those who are skilled in the nice adjustment of evidence will see why we value the following. They will also discover why we refrain from imposing further introduction or adding more than our usual suggestion as to brochure and address.

Hon. P. H. Jacobs, the well-known chemist, editor of the *Poultry Keeper, Farmer's Magazine*, and Agricultural Department of the *Philadelphia Record*, says:

"I have examined carefully the Compound Oxygen manufactured by Drs. STARKLEY & PALEN; also their mode of treatment by inhalation, and have noted the great benefit to those who have used it among my personal friends. I cheerfully say that it offers better promises of curing such diseases as consumption, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, rheumatism, neuralgia, and all other complaints of a chronic nature, than any other treatment that has come to my notice. That it will give to the exhausted system renewed and permanent vitality is beyond a doubt."

The brochure to which we refer contains the history of Compound Oxygen and a record of cures in many interesting cases. This, with our quarterly review, *Health and Life*, will be forwarded free of charge to any one addressing Drs. STARKLEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; or 130 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

ALL danger of drinking impure water is avoided by adding 20 drops of Angostura Bitters.

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Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
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When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



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CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

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This company offer their treasury shares, for development purposes only, at 85 per cent. Interest guaranteed (at least 7 per cent.) by a syndicate of gentlemen identified with the company. The following statement of its condition is certified and submitted:

400 town lots at \$500 each.....	\$200,000
Furnace and 20 acres land.....	100,000
8,000 lots (30x132) at \$100 each.....	800,000
1,000 acres ore land.....	20,000
Cotton mill and gin in full operation....	50,000
10,000 shares treasury stock at 85c....	850,000
	\$2,020,000

The above property is owned in fee simple and free from all debts and incumbrances. Also nine miles riparian right on Cypress Creek, with three dams built and in use, and locations for three more, soon to become a prominent source of income.

The growth of Florence is the most remarkable in the "New South," the population having increased since September last from 2,300 to 7,500, due entirely to advantages offered all classes of manufacturers. Four railroads enter Florence, though competing with navigation on the Tennessee.

Should a "town-lot" boom reach Florence, which appears certain in the near future, the company's property should increase in value ten or twenty times. Without disturbing the treasury assets, it is estimated on a careful basis that the annual income will be sufficient to pay the stockholders at least

15 PER CENT. DIVIDENDS.

Investors are urged to make a thorough examination of the properties.

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This insures to the wearer of these shoes perfect service of the Gore for ONE AND ONE-HALF YEARS from date letter in Trade Mark. If the Elastic fails within eighteen months, send the shoes by express, at our expense, from any part of the United States, Canada, Mexico, West Indies, or Sandwich Is'ls, and we will insert new Gore in same manner, and return shoes free of expense.

Signed, HUB GORE MAKERS, Boston, Mass.

Albert Herbert, Pres.
E. R. Page, Treas.

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"I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

"Some time ago I lost all my hair in consequence of measles. After due waiting, no new growth appeared. I then used Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair grew

Thick and Strong.

It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."—J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles street, Haverhill, Mass.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. J. King, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

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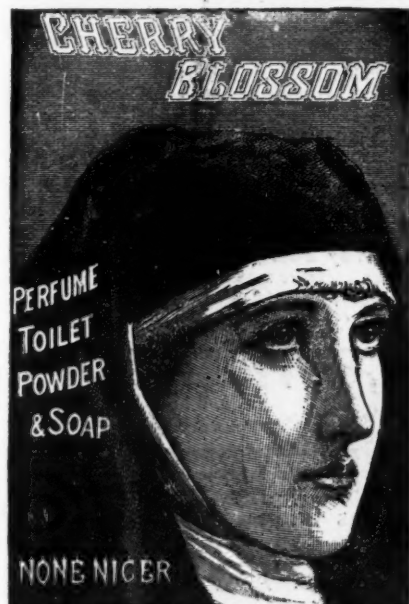
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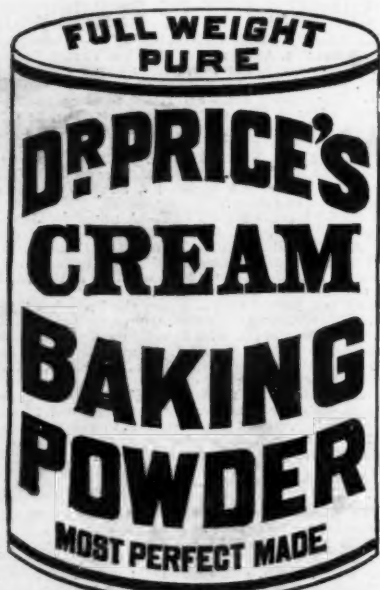
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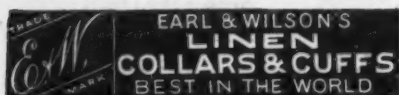
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